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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.
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1. SCENE OF THE MURDER OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH AND MR. T. H. BURKE, IN PHÉNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

2. CONVEYING THE DEAD TO STEEVENS'S HOSPITAL.—SEE PAGE 454.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Citizen Henri Rochefort, of the *Intransigeant*, may have—or rather have had—some admirers among persons of education and culture in this country who, while detesting the politics of the Communard, and shuddering at the blasphemies of the avowed atheist, have honestly done justice to the wit and humour of the satirist, and the undoubted bravery of the militant journalist, whose sword has always been ready to vindicate the assertions of his pen. But at this present writing the sentiments entertained by every honest man for Henri Rochefort should be simply feelings of horror and loathing. In two atrocious leading articles published over his signature in the *Intransigeant*, not only has he exulted in the most revolting terms over the brutal murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and glorified the perpetrators of that foul and unnatural deed; but he has openly accused the Irish landlords of being the instigators of the assassins. The Communard Rochefort has thus followed the lead set by the Fenian O'Donovan Rossa. Verily there is perfect solidarity among these gentlemen—or rather these ferocious and treacherous enemies of mankind.

M. le Marquis Victor Henri de Rochefort Luçay, apologist of murderers, speaks very glibly of his "Irish friends." M. le Marquis (or Count?) has a bad memory. I read in "Men of the Time," apropos of the Communard's plucky escape from penal servitude at Noumea: "On June 16, 1874, M. Rochefort arrived at Queenstown, where, but for the intervention of the Royal Irish Constabulary, he would have met with rough treatment at the hands of an excited mob." The editor of the *Intransigeant*'s "Irish friends" were obviously not so fond of him in '74 as he is of them in '82. Possibly, if the "excited mob" could have got at the man whom, rightly or wrongly, they thought had instigated by his frenzied writings the murder of the Archbishop of Paris and the other hostages of the Commune, they would have torn him to pieces.

How many Acts of Parliament have there been passed, I wonder, for the Coercion of this wretched island of Ireland? Only yesterday, hunting an obscure quotation through some old volumes of Sir Richard Phillips's *Monthly Magazine and British Register*, I came, at page 534 of the volume for 1822, upon the abstract of an Act "to Suppress Insurrections and prevent Disturbance of the Public Peace in Ireland." It provided that, in all counties proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant as being in a disturbed state, the inhabitants were to be warned to remain in their houses between sunset and sunrise. King's Serjeants or Counsel were to preside as Chief Judges at Special Sessions, having such powers as were incident to Courts of Oyer and Terminer. Indictments were to be preferred without the intermediary of a Grand Jury; and the impanelling of a petty jury to try prisoners was left to the discretion of the Court.

Persons found abroad at unlawful hours, administering or taking seditious oaths, circulating notices calculated to excite riots, demanding money or arms, or who were found in public-houses after closing time, were to be deemed idle and disorderly, and punished with seven years' transportation. By another clause the Habeas Corpus was suspended for six months, and the Lord Lieutenant empowered to imprison persons suspected of conspiring against his Majesty's person and Government; and penalties of five hundred pounds were imposed on every person importing arms into Ireland or manufacturing gunpowder without a license.

After reading this abstract of what Irish "Coercion" meant fifty years ago, I turned to a file of the *Examiner* in quest of the reports of any lawless proceedings which might have justified the enactment of the somewhat drastic statute glanced at above. Aggravatingly enough, the index was wanting to the *Examiner* for 1822; but opening the volume at random I read, under the date of Feb. 3:—

The insurgents still prosecute their course of outrage. In the counties of Waterford and Cork arms have been demanded and houses burned. . . . On Monday, Mr. Hedges Eyre and Lord Bantry, hearing that a numerous assembly of banditti occupied some heights in the vicinity of Macroom, county Cork, mustered about two hundred troops, whom they divided into different parties. . . . Mr. Eyre and Lord Bantry, with about fifteen soldiers, attacked the banditti, who were fully eight hundred in number and all armed. A heavy fire from so commanding a situation compelled the troops to retire; but, before they could carry off a wounded soldier, the villains rushed from the heights, severed his head from his body, placed it in triumph on a pike, and carried it along with them.

These "banditti" of fifty years since must have been "idle and disorderly persons" with a vengeance. The Editor of the *Examiner* (not Leigh Hunt, but some writer signing his contributions "Q.") was, nevertheless, strongly opposed to the Coercion Act, asserting that "existing outrages were the necessary result of extreme suffering, aided by the eternal operation of ascendancy politics and religious distinctions;" and, in conclusion, "Q." hotly protested against "the most odious and horrible authority being delegated to such a magistracy as that of Ireland, without even a pledge as to any efficient inquiry into the means of removing the origin of such baneful disorder."

The art-loving public in general, and the art-critics in particular, are unanimous in hailing as "a sweet boon" Mr. Henry Blackburn's daintily illustrated "Notes" of the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. Stimulated by the success of Mr. Blackburn's enterprise, an ingenious French gentleman, M. F. G. Dumas, has, for the last three or four years past, published an illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon; and of this an English translation is annually issued by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. It is an excellent book to preserve and bind, as a memento of what has been done in the French art-world; and in process of time these collections of illustrated catalogues acquire real value.

The 1881 issue of M. F. G. Dumas' Guide states that it is authorised and approved by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, and by the Society of French Artists. I paid a visit to a bookseller on Monday, and was told that

my Dumas was not yet "out"; but to my amazement the bibliophile proffered me two rival publications, first, "Le Salon," compiled under the direction of M. E. Bernard, and illustrated by a large number of facsimiles of drawings by the exhibiting painters and sculptors; and next, "Paris-Salon, 1882," by the well-known writer on art M. Louis Enault, illustrated by forty engravings in "Phototypie." There would thus appear to be no less than three Parisian emulators of Mr. Blackburn in the field; but my perplexity in the matter has been heightened by reading in the "Echos Judiciaires" of one of the Paris papers that M. Dumas, as the "Concessionnaire" of the official catalogue of the Salon, has brought actions against two journals, the *Evénement* and *La Revue Critique*, for an infringement of his rights by publishing lists of the works of art which they consider worthiest of remark in the Salon. Fancy the Council of the Royal Academy bringing actions against the scribes who annually indite the edifying articles on "Show" Sunday and the Private Views!

In M. Bernard's "Salon" the titles of the pictures are given in French, English, and German. Some of the English is "a little mixed." What do you say to "Vue des Falaises de l'Ile d'Anglesea (Pays de Galles)" anglicised as "View of the Cliffs to Anglesea's Island (country of Wales)?" "Un Brouillard à Neuilly" rendered as "A Foggy in Neuilly" is good; so is "Souvenir de la Hollande" given as "Holland's Remembrance." "La Dame de Tréfle" as "Club's Lady" is not so bad; but the *bonne bouche* in the way of translation is—I must give the English first—"The Little hand of Robinson's Island water side of the Marne" for "Le Petit Bras de l'Ile de Robinson (Bords de la Marne)." But I will not quarrel with my Bernard. He gives me, for a matter of two francs fifty centimes, facsimile sketches of three hundred pictures and thirty-five works of sculpture in the Salon, some of them rough and hasty enough, no doubt, but all of them replete with artistic individuality, and constituting quite a Golden Treasury of composition, light and shade, and expression.

I have not had time yet to read in their entirety Mr. Serjeant Ballantine's "Experiences of a Barrister's Life," of which Mr. Bentley has, I perceive, already issued a Third Edition; but I hastily skimmed the first volume the other evening in a club library, and found the "Experiences" mighty diverting—and agreeably diverting to boot; for the Serjeant writes in a genial, generous, tolerant strain about most people and things, and seems to have liked the world as heartily as the world has liked and liked him. With Mr. Thackeray only, Serjeant Ballantine, it would appear, did not get on very pleasantly. Well, the illustrious author of "Vanity Fair" was not the easiest of mankind with whom to hold personal relations when you were only slightly acquainted with him. When you knew him well your opinion concerning W. M. T. changed completely.

I came upon one (to me) quite delightful chapter in which Serjeant Ballantine gives his reminiscences of London life and manners some forty or fifty years ago. Alluding to the then almost total absence of restaurants in London, he mentions with applause a once very well-known eating-house in Rupert-street, Haymarket, called Hancock's. This I can remember very well. It was on or near the site of the present Solferino restaurant. About 1836 there was an excellent French restaurant kept by a M. Fricour, at the sign of the New Slaughter's Coffee House (the Old Slaughter's was in St. Martin's-lane), either in Marylebone-street, behind the Regent's Quadrant, or in Brewer-street, Golden-square. Another noted French restaurant, Rouget's or Giraud's, in Castle-street, Leicester-square, close to the stage door of the Alhambra, flourished from the days of my boyhood until a comparatively recent period; while there was yet another excellent foreign *cuisine* to be found at Pagliano's Sablonière Hotel in Leicester-square itself, and at its south-eastern corner. The house had once been the town residence of William Hogarth, Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher; and here his widow, *née* Jane Thornhill, until extreme old age, sold prints from her husband's plates, until the coppers were nearly worn out, and the Royal Academy granted the brave, indigent old lady a small pension. When the Sablonière was disestablished the last trace of Hogarth's house vanished, and on its site was erected the existing Archbishop Tenison's School.

But Bertolini's. Who, among the elderly and the middle-aged, does not remember Bertolini's Franco-Italian restaurant, the Hotel Newton, in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square? The house had been the residence of the illustrious Isaac of Grantham, who, when he was elected President of the Royal Society, removed to the more fashionable neighbourhood of Leicester-fields from Haydon-square, where, from its convenient vicinity to the Tower, he had lived while he was Master of the Mint. Bertolini, however, must have had a predecessor in the licensed victualling line in St. Martin's-street; for, in the self-same number of the *Monthly Magazine* to which I alluded just now, I find a woodcut of Sir Isaac's house, and appended to the engraving a note stating that "here he (Newton) enjoyed his honours, and passed the late years of his life." The mansion afterwards became an Italian coffee-house of celebrity, and latterly (1822) it has been converted into a national or parish school. Bertolini, then, who was at his apogee about 1848, must have succeeded to the national or parochial schoolmaster.

In that absurd "bogus" Proclamation purporting to have been issued by her Majesty the Queen, and the reading of which at the Furneaux trial excited so much merriment in court, I note these words, as a wind up:—

Marked, sealed, and witnessed by the above-signed noblemen in my presence and in presence of each other this 3rd of May, 1877.—God save the Queen.—Lord J. C. Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of H.M.C. Judicator.

There is something amusingly archaic in the implication of her Majesty's Ministers putting their "marks" to an official document. We are not yet out of the wood in regard to the expression "Save the Mark"—the archery explanation is to my mind wholly unsatisfactory; and now I am exercised over Job xviii. 2, in which Bildad the Shuhite says:—"How long will it be ere ye make an end of words? *Mark*, and afterwards we will speak." From the context it would seem as though when a person had come to an end of his discourse it was customary for him to "mark" his conclusion, either orally, or by some gesture. Analogously, when an Indian Chief has finished his speech he utters a guttural grunt of "Wagh!" That may be his "mark;" and the Brave next in turn then takes up the rhetorical running.

In the current number of *Punch* there is a diverting attack on the hackney carriage known as the four-wheeled cab or "growler." The vehicle is defined as "a confined cubical box upon four noisy wheels, with two seats, which are invariably uncomfortable, and two windows, which always rattle." Mr. *Punch* goes on to tell us that the further peculiarities of this singular vehicle "may be summarised as consisting of nastiness and noise," and that the odour of a four-wheeled cab is "always stuffy and generally foetid; comparing unfavourably with the odour of a ragshop and a vault." As for the cabman, he is either sullen or stupid, and is not unaddicted to using "professional expletives" in the presence of ladies.

All this is too true; and, indeed, a great deal more might be said in disparagement of the "growler," which is only the old hackney-coach writ small, and with one instead of two horses. But, at the same time, please to accept this modest plea in extenuation from one who has ridden in the hackney-carriages of very nearly all the great cities in the civilised world. I will take it that your name is Benedick, the married man; and that, as you are only a junior official, as yet, in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office (*robes à queue* are so frightfully expensive), you do not keep a brougham. Now, you all live in Montague-place, Russell-square; and you are going down to stay a fortnight with some friends, say, at Pangbourne or Streatley. You are accompanied by your stately spouse Beatrice d'Este; by your eldest son and heir, Hannibal Heliogabalus, aged three; your second son, Lucullus Oviparous, aged two; and your baby girl, Francesca di Rimini Dantesca, aged two months. One of those same despised and vilified four-wheeled cabs will hold yourself, your wife, your olive-branches, and the nurse; and there is no reason why Buttons, your page-boy, should not be perched on the box, by the side of the driver, and accompany you to the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway. Finally, on the roof of the "growler" may be piled an astonishing quantity of luggage.

Per contra, I arrived, only the other day, at early morning at the Paris terminus of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*, accompanied by only one person and with only one moderately sized trunk and one portmanteau as luggage. I was not bound for an hotel having an omnibus or omnibuses of its own; and I had to wait twenty-seven minutes before the sedulously feed'd railway porters could catch for me, in the adjoining Rue Lafayette, a cab capable of carrying any luggage at all. The most recently started vehicles of the *Compagnie Générale des Petites Voitures* are uncomfortable little yellow *coupés* with convex roofs, on which no trunk could remain in safety, and which are without luggage guards. At last, when I was beginning seriously to think of leaving our baggage in the cloak-room and walking to the hotel the porters found us an open *victoria*, the driver of which was a civil fellow enough, and piled our *impedimenta* on his box; but the portmanteau tumbled off and into the gutter in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre; and, had it not been a "warranted solid leather" would have come to irremediable grief. Oh! for a homely "growler" on that April morn.

Mem.: There is one perfectly comfortable, clean, and elegant hackney carriage to be found in Europe. Its tariff of fares is very moderate. The driver is always polite, and the carriage will convey any quantity of luggage. This perfect vehicle is called a *gondola*.

No, I thank you kindly; I have not seen the grand Wagnerian lyrical pantomime at Her Majesty's. Operatic performances in "cycles" are not for "the likes of me." They are "rayther too rich," as the young lady remarked to the pastrycook with reference to the pork pie, which was all fat. I am obliged, nevertheless, to the critic of one of the daily papers who observes of a certain Dead March in one of the "cycles" that, "far better than being a thematic epitome of the hero's life, it is a glorious specimen of emotonal music." Thanks for "thematic." I have inscribed it between "them" and "theme" in my "Roget's Thesaurus." I do not say there is no such word as "thematic." I am not certain about anything. But it is a brave word; and I like it.

Without entering the mystic shades of Her Majesty's, I have yet been able to follow the mystic windings of the Wagnerian epopeia by reading the Illustrated Handbook of the "Ring of the Nibelung," rendered in very fluent and ringing English verse by Mr. J. P. Jackson, author of English versions of the "Ober-Ammergau Passion Play," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser." Mr. Jackson is, I believe, the London correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and is at present faraway in the wilds of Siberia, on a mission connected with the discovery of the survivors of the ill-fated "Jeannette." The "Ring of the Nibelung" is published by Mr. David Bogue, of St. Martin's-place; and in Mr. J. P. Jackson's book I read more than I can possibly hope to understand about "The Rhine Gold" and the "Valkyrie;" the "Awakening of Brünnhilde" and the—well; ahem!—the "Götterdämmerung."

G. A. S.

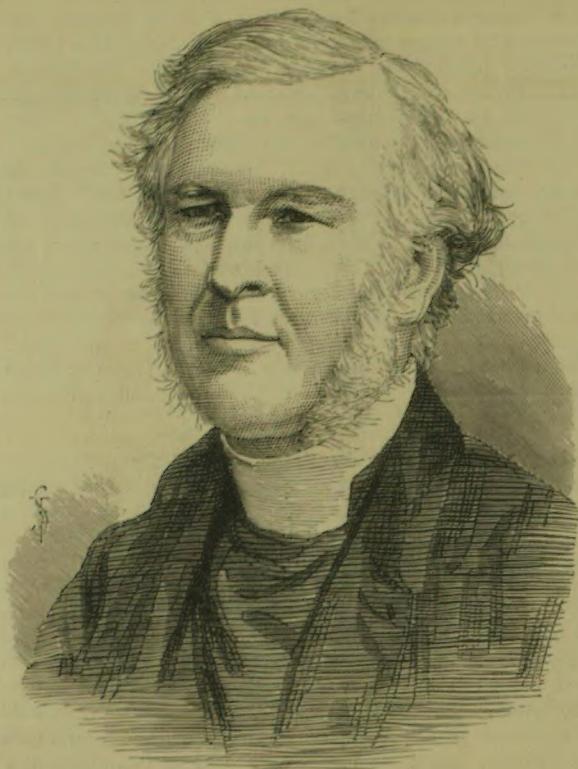
P.S.—I learn that the *crème de la crème* ball at Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington, in aid of the funds of the Ladies' Work Society, which was to have taken place on Friday, May the Twelfth, is unavoidably postponed until May the Nineteenth.



THE LATE MR. JAMES RICE.

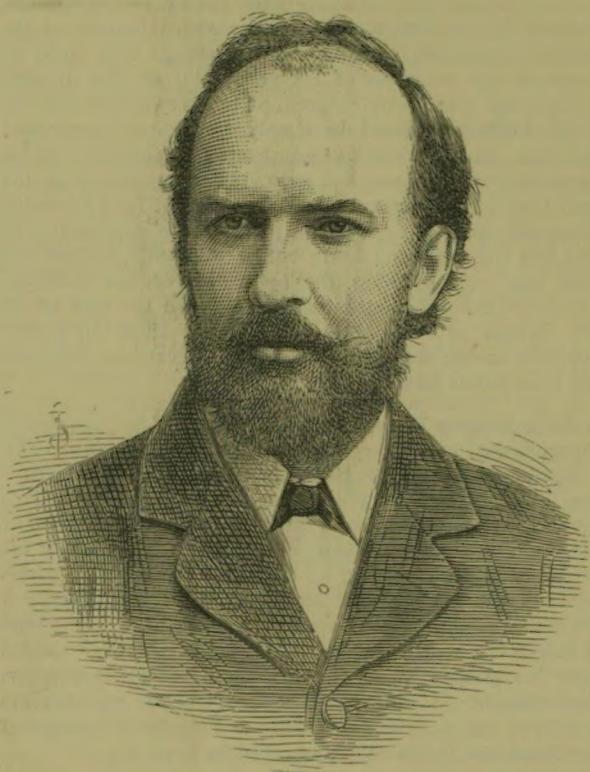
THE LATE MR. JAMES RICE.

The death of this clever and successful man of letters was recently noticed. Mr. James Rice was born near Northampton in the year 1844, and was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in law. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in the year 1871; but his practice was very limited in extent and duration. In the year 1868, immediately after leaving Cambridge, he became proprietor and editor of *Once a Week*, having a young man's confidence in his own ability to turn the tide of misfortune in that ill-starred journal. The result, however, proved the contrary; the downward course of the paper having set in too strongly to be resisted. In the year 1870 Mr. Rice proposed to Mr. Walter Besant the literary partnership which has existed for twelve years. The novels of "Ready-Money Mortiboy" and "My Little Girl" appeared in *Once a Week*. Mr. Rice parted with the paper in 1873, and shortly afterwards became London Correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. In 1879 he pro-



THE LATE BISHOP OF SYDNEY.

SEE PAGE 455.



SIR ROBERT HART, K.C.M.G.

duced his "History of the British Turf." He was attacked in January, 1880, with blood-poisoning; from which he never completely recovered, and in the autumn of last year new and alarming symptoms appeared. For the last three months he had been confined to his house, but almost to the end his friends were sanguine of his recovery. He was married in 1870, and leaves a widow and one son. He was buried in Brompton Churchyard on Monday, May 1. Our Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, in which Mr. Rice and Mr. Besant are represented together.

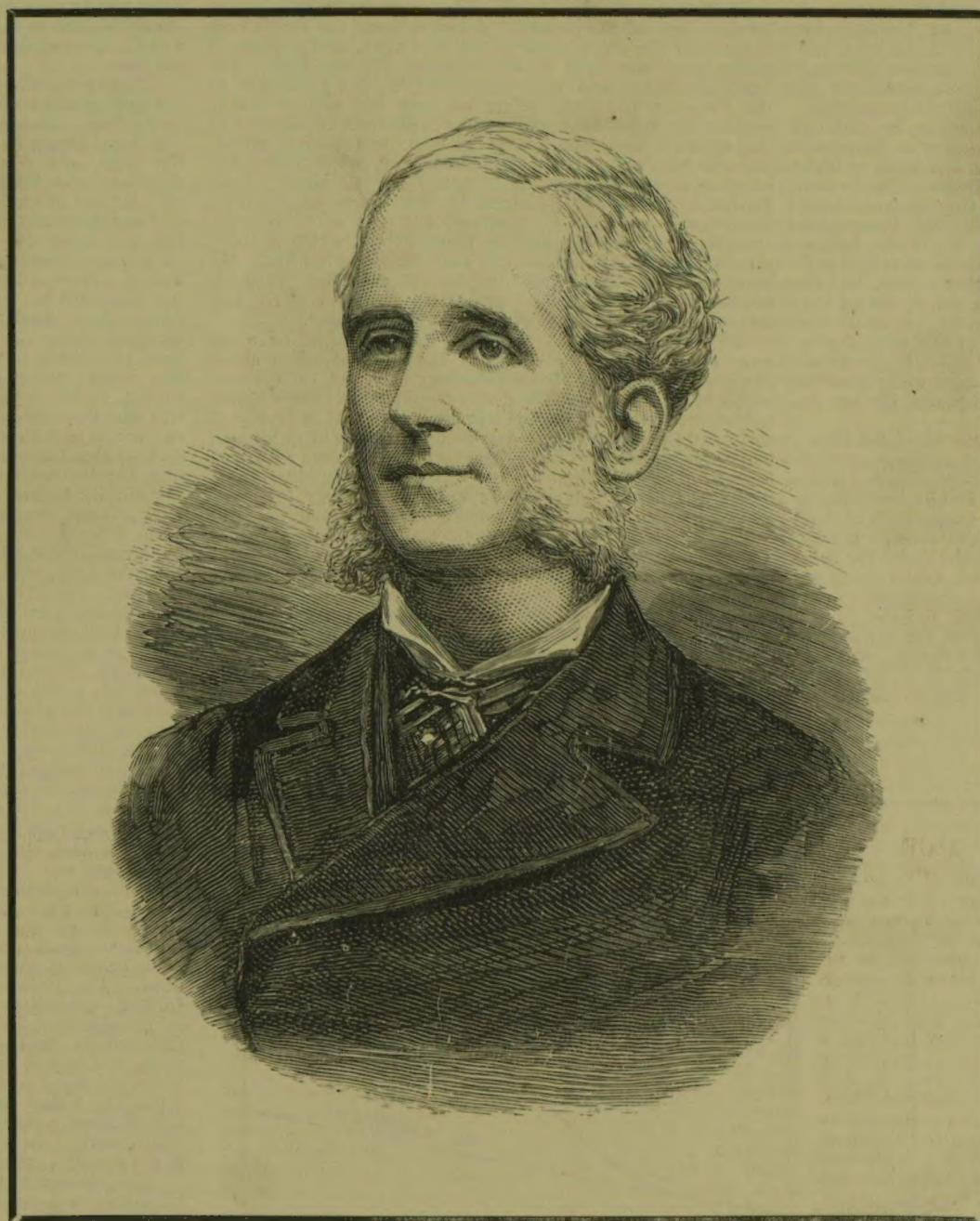
SIR ROBERT HART, K.C.M.G.

The Inspector-General of Chinese Maritime Customs has recently been made a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Sir Robert Hart was born at Portadown, in the north of Ireland, in 1835. He was educated at the Wesleyan Schools at Taunton, and in Stephen's-green, Dublin, and at the Queen's College, Belfast, from which he graduated in

1853. He was appointed a Student Interpreter in the British Consular Service in China in 1854; was secretary to the Allied Commission for the Government of Canton in 1858; joined the Chinese Customs Service as Deputy-Commissioner in 1859; and was appointed Inspector-General of Customs in 1863. He was President of the Chinese Commission for the International Exhibitions at Vienna in 1873, at Philadelphia in 1876, and at Paris in 1878. The Maritime Customs Department of the Chinese Foreign Office employs nearly five hundred foreigners, of many different nationalities, and 2000 Chinese; the offices of customs are about twenty in number; the collection is about £5,000,000 per annum, and the amount allowed for the support of the service—including the Coast Lights Department and the College at Pekin (all of which are directed by the Inspector-General)—is about £400,000 a year. Sir Robert Hart resides at Pekin, and visits the ports as occasion requires. He is a Mandarin of the highest class, and has received honorary decorations from several European Courts.



SEARCH FOR THE JEANNETTE: HOUSE OF A RUSSIAN EXILE AT WERKHOLANSK, SIBERIA.



THE LATE MR. T. H. BURKE, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR IRELAND,
MURDERED ON SATURDAY LAST.



RESIDENCE OF THE UNDER-SECRETARY FOR IRELAND (LATE MR. T. H. BURKE), IN PHÆNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

MURDER OF THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND UNDER-SECRETARY IN IRELAND.

A twofold murder, perpetrated last Saturday evening in Phoenix Park, Dublin, has furnished new example of the atrocious wickedness of that foul conspiracy of the enemies of civilised society—Nihilists or Anarchists, or Fenians, by whatever name they may be called in Europe or America, the same in Ireland, under cover of an agitation for different political objects—who are plotting everywhere to subvert all regular Government, for the purpose doubtless of Communistic plunder—by evoking the terrorism of assassination, by striking at the lives of distinguished rulers, now a King or an Emperor, then a Republican President, and here the Ministers or high official representatives of a Constitutional Realm. The freshly appointed Chief Secretary of the Irish Government, Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, M.P., with the Permanent Under-Secretary at Dublin, Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, falling slain by dastardly stabbers who attacked them unawares and unguarded, not in revenge for any fancied injury, but in pursuance of the fell design to intimidate all agents of the Queen's Government in that country, must be deemed a tragical instance of the dangers besetting public personages, despite their integrity and innocence, amidst the noxious vermin of secret societies, the deadly pests of every modern State and nation, whose presence still disgraces the age in which we live.

Saturday last was the day upon which the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer, K.G., succeeding to that great office upon the retirement of Earl Cowper, arrived from England, and made his public entry into Dublin, receiving a formal address from the Lord Mayor and Corporation of that city, and loudly cheered by the people as he rode on horseback through the streets. On arriving at the Castle the new Viceroy was received by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms, and the Gentleman Usher, and was conducted to the Presence Chamber, where he was received by the Lords Justices, the Duke of Leinster, the Master of the Rolls (Sir Edward Sullivan), and General Sir Thomas Steele, who sat wearing their hats under the canopy; and the Earl's secretary read the Queen's Commission appointing him to office. A

procession was formed to conduct his Lordship to the Privy Council Chamber, where the ceremony of swearing him in took place. Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, bore the sword of State, and afterwards Earl Spencer took his seat at the council board, with his head covered, as Lord Lieutenant. Lord Frederick Cavendish was then sworn as Chief Secretary by the Clerk of the Council. A rocket from the Castle yard announced the completion of the ceremony, and a salute of fifteen guns was fired in the adjacent Phoenix Park. The Lord Lieutenant was next conducted in due procession to the Presence Chamber, where he took his seat in state; another salute, of twenty-one guns, hailed the installation of the Queen's representative in Ireland, and several official persons were presented to his Excellency, which ended the ceremonial proceedings. The new Chief Secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish, remained in the offices of his own department, engaged in business, till past seven o'clock, when he set out for his lodge in Phoenix Park, which is about the centre of that inclosure. His Lordship went on foot. He knew the way well, for he had been there before when his brother, Lord Hartington, was Chief Secretary. He had arrived from England but at noon of that fatal day.

Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, left the Castle on a car some minutes later, and overtook Lord F. Cavendish about the Park gate. The Under-Secretary then got off the car, which he dismissed, and the Under-Secretary and Chief Secretary walked together on the left-hand path. It is presumed that Lord Cavendish was going merely to look in at his own house, for he and the Under-Secretary were to dine with Earl Spencer at the Viceregal Lodge. About two hundred yards from the Phoenix Column, they were murderously attacked. It was then nearly half-past seven o'clock, but it was still broad daylight. The attack was so sudden and silent that it scarcely attracted any notice. A common hackney car appears to have driven up and four fellows jumped off it, the driver remaining in his seat. Lord Frederick Cavendish was on the outside of the path, and Mr. Burke was next the grass. The assailants rushed upon them with daggers, and a fierce struggle for life took place. But the murderers killed their victims in a few moments, and then drove off by a side road in the direction of Chapelizod, and rapidly disappeared.

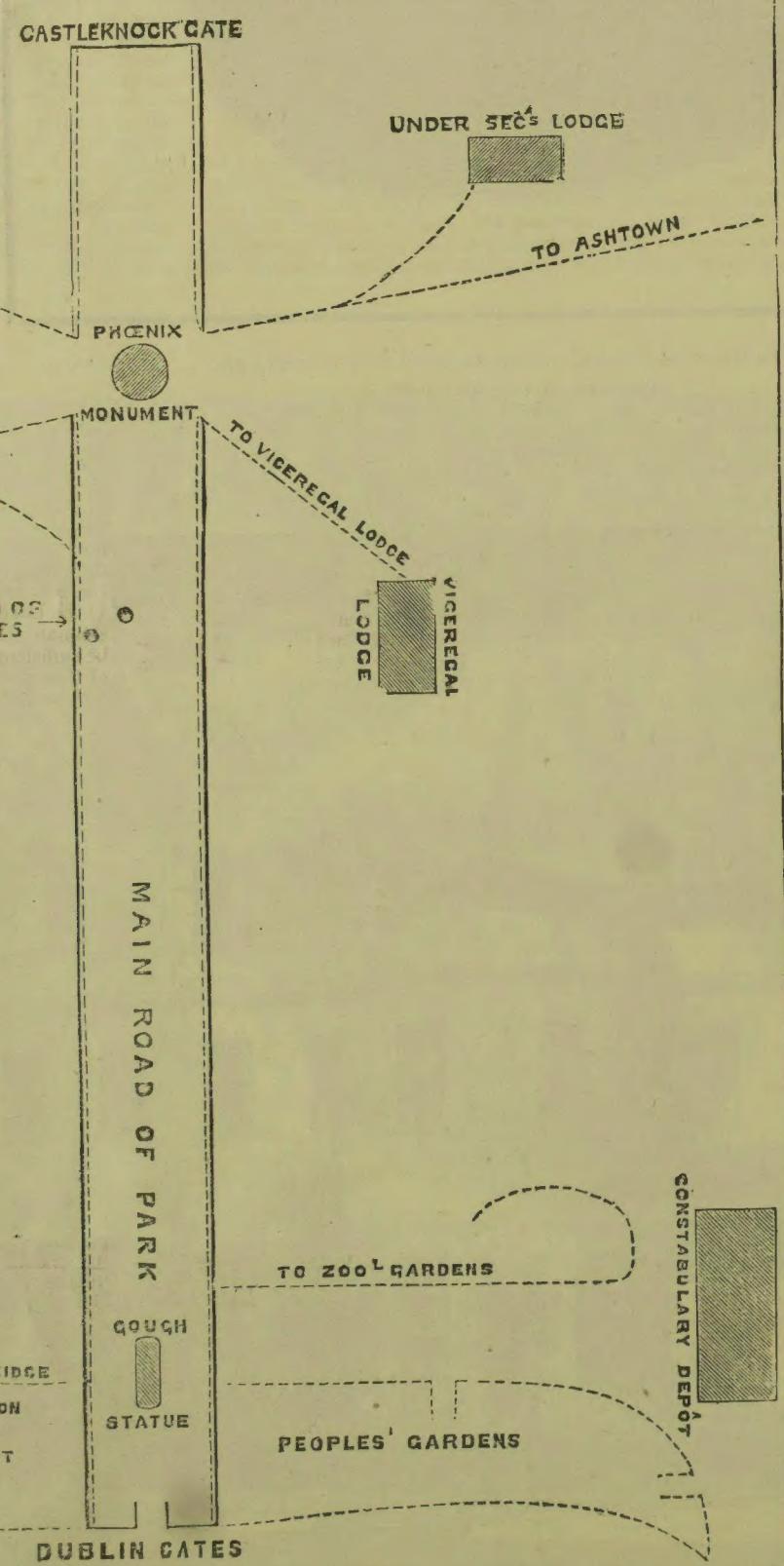
The Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by his private secretary and a servant, had ridden to the Viceregal Lodge about half an hour previously, and he had just entered his garden in front of the Lodge, when in the distance his Excellency observed a scuffle going on in the road. It appeared to him to be merely a brawl, but he gave directions that a policeman should be sent to see what it was. Little did he think that Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke were being murdered before his face.

There were other persons who saw the men, from a distance, struggling with each other, but had no idea that murder was being done. No shouts or shrieks were heard. An officer of the Royal Dragoons, Lieutenant Greatorex, was walking with his dogs, and witnessed what seemed to him a drunken squabble, or a bit of horse-play, two or three hundred yards off. He saw one man knocked or pushed down, as he thought, and he afterwards saw another on the ground. The four men left got upon the car in waiting, and drove quickly past Lieutenant Greatorex, along the road leading to the Hibernian School. He wondered why the two men on the ground did not arise, till he walked up to where they lay, and he then found them dead. A boy named Samuel Jacob, while strolling along the sunk fence of the Viceregal grounds, also saw three or four men near a car wrestling with two other men; he saw one man hit another, with the fist, as he thought, when the latter was on the ground; this man then followed his companions, who had got upon the car, and it took them away together. Two young men riding on tricycles, Patrick William Maguire and Thomas Foley, had seen the two unfortunate gentlemen walking arm-in-arm a few minutes before. The tricyclists having reached the Phoenix Park Column, rounded it and turned back, and when they had come 200 yards on their return saw the dead bodies. Lord F. Cavendish's was lying in the carriage-way, stabbed through the right lung, with a deep wound in the neck and another in the side. His right arm was broken. Death must have been instantaneous, for there was no sign of life, and blood was oozing in large quantities from the wounds. The body of Mr. Burke was found lying on the grass. It was fearfully mutilated. The throat was cut right across the windpipe. There was a wound in the breast going through the base of the heart, and a third, about two inches long, on the left side of his neck, just under the ear.

The alarm was at once given to the police, and at the Viceregal Lodge; the military guard turned out, and a stretcher was brought. The body of Lord F. Cavendish was placed on this, till a car could be fetched, and that of Mr. Burke was put on another car. The police went to Steevens's Hospital, and Dr. Thomas Myles, the resident surgeon, at once came out, but on the way met a party carrying the body of Mr. Burke, about one hundred and fifty yards inside the Park gate. At first he thought he could feel the heart action, but afterwards believed that he was mistaken. Half a mile further on he met a party of guardsmen bringing the body of Lord F. Cavendish, who was dead. The bodies were brought to the hospital, where a further examination was made. A servant from the Viceregal Lodge identified the bodies as those of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and they were then placed in a private room and locked up, pending the Coroner's inquest. The police remained in charge, and would allow no one to see them. After the bodies had been removed from the scene of the assassination, policemen were left near the great pools of blood which marked the scene of the crime. A crowd soon collected at the dreadful spot.

The shocking news was presently communicated by telegraph to London, and the Home Secretary at once made it known to Mr. Gladstone. There was an official reception that evening at the Admiralty, where several of the Ministers were present. Lord Hartington was informed of his brother's death by a telegram sent from Dublin to Devonshire House. He went directly, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, who is aunt to Lady Frederick Cavendish, to tell that unhappy lady that she had lost her husband. A message was also dispatched by Lord Hartington to his aged father, the Duke of Devonshire, who was at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. The Ministers, hastily leaving the Admiralty, went to Downing-street to discuss the situation of affairs, and a Cabinet Council was summoned for three o'clock next day (Sunday afternoon). By eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, most London people who were about town, whether at the clubs, or at the theatres, or at evening parties, heard of the terrible event. At the Gaiety Theatre, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were among the audience, the performance was stopped. On Sunday morning, the news having spread to every large town in England, there was a movement of national feeling seldom equalled. Thousands of people first heard of it at their churches and chapels, when they assembled for Divine worship; the leading clergymen and dissenting ministers spoke of it from the pulpit. But some of the provincial newspapers came out on Sunday with special editions, which were eagerly bought up at any price; and meetings were called for the Sunday afternoon or evening by the local politicians, especially the Irishmen in Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, to denounce the infamous crime at Dublin.

The leaders of the Irish Land League, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and others, who had on Saturday afternoon welcomed Michael Davitt on his release from the Portland convict establishment, were not apprised of the murders, though in London, till breakfast time on Sunday morning. Mr. Redmond was at Manchester, and made a speech at an Irish meeting there, which passed a resolution expressing much regret and indignation. Mr. Parnell sent telegrams to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and to the Mayors of Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, suggesting that they should immediately call meetings of their respective Corporations to pass resolutions denouncing the assassinations; and this has been done in almost every Irish city. A manifesto, signed by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Davitt, has been placarded in Dublin, and all over Ireland, addressed to the Irish people. It expresses, in the strongest possible language, their grief and horror at the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke as a hideous stain upon the character of their country, and as the greatest calamity that could befall their cause, just when "it had been determined at the last hour that a policy of conciliation should supplement that of terrorism and national distrust. We earnestly hope," say the Land League chiefs, "that the attitude and action of the whole Irish people will assure the world that an assassination such as that which has startled us almost to the abandonment of hope for our country's cause is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct. We appeal to you to show, by every manner of expression possible, that amidst the universal feeling of horror which this assassination has excited, no people feel so intense a detestation of its atrocity, or so deep a sympathy for those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prospects and reviving hopes it may entail consequences more ruinous than have yet fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation." These sentiments are repeated, with some additional remarks, in the statements which the Land League Members of Parliament have made to



SKETCH MAP OF PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE MURDERS.

the reporters of the Press Association; and Michael Davitt says, "I deeply grieve to think that just at the time when the Government had run a risk in introducing a new policy, when everything appeared to be bright and hopeful, when the expectations seemed to be universal that all outrage would cease in Ireland in response to the changed attitude of the Government, this terrible event should occur, and dash our hopes to the ground. After what has now occurred, I wish to God I had never left Portland. Where was the motive for the crime? Its commission is not only the most fatal blow which has ever been struck at the Land League, but one of the most disastrous blows that have been sustained during the last century by the national cause in Ireland."

An inquest on the bodies of the two murdered gentlemen was opened by the Coroner for the City of Dublin, Dr. N. Whyte, at Steevens's Hospital, on Sunday morning, and was adjourned to Monday, when the Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. W. M. Johnson, M.P. for Mallow, was present on behalf of the Crown. The witnesses examined were Mr. Steel, superintendent of messengers at Dublin Castle, who last saw Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke there before they went out; the car-driver, Nicholas Brabazon, who drove Mr. Burke as far as the Viceregal Lodge; Mr. P. W. Maguire and Mr. T. Foley, the young men who were riding on tricycles; and the boy, Samuel Jacob, who also saw the men struggling with each other. Lieutenant Greatorex also gave evidence. Dr. Myles, of Steevens's Hospital, and Mr. Porter, surgeon to the Queen in Ireland, described the state of the corpses, having made a post-mortem examination, assisted by other surgeons and physicians. On the body of Mr. Burke they discovered several wounds. There was a deep and long wound on the front and side of his neck, and another on his left breast. There was a punctured wound over the second rib on the left side, and another on the breast bone, and there were also wounds on the left hand. They found a deep wound in the back of the interior angle of the shoulder-blade, and another at the side and back of the neck, penetrating to the spine. On opening the chest they found that the wound in the front of the neck, though deep, did not sever any large vessels. The wound over the second rib injured the apex of the left lung. The surgeons found what they believed was the fatal wound, that over the left shoulder-blade, which had penetrated the pericardium and entered the heart. Death from syncope must have followed almost immediately upon its infliction. It is believed that the deceased was attacked simultaneously in front and rear. The wounds on the hand point to the fact that Mr. Burke tried to defend himself against his assailants. The wounds were probably produced by a dagger or long sharp knives. The surgeons next examined the wounds of Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose clothing was cut in several places. There was a deep transverse cut on the middle of his left forearm, passing through the muscles and penetrating one of the bones; a slight portion of the bone was sliced off as though a very sharp and highly tempered weapon had been employed. They found a deep wound in the left arm-pit, and an abrasion on the right cheek. There was a wound on the right side of the root of the neck, just above the collar-bone, and another over the cartilage of the second rib on the right side. On the back there was a deep angular wound over the right shoulder, penetrating to the bone. The backbone was injured. There was a further wound over the back of the neck, injuring the sixth or vital vertebra. It was found on opening the body that the wound in the shoulder was the fatal wound, and that it had severed two large arteries. The instrument with which the wounds were inflicted would probably be an instrument with a double edge. It must have been a very long instrument and strong in the middle, and probably from nine to twelve inches long. A bowie knife or a sword bayonet might have caused the wounds.

The Coroner's Jury, on Monday, returned a verdict that Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke were wilfully murdered by persons unknown. The Jury also expressed their abhorrence of the crime which had disgraced the country, and their sympathy with the families of the deceased; and approved of the movement to start a public subscription for a reward for the discovery of the guilty parties.

The removal of the dead bodies from Steevens's Hospital is the subject of one of our Illustrations. They were placed in temporary coffins and borne to the front of the hospital, where two covered biers were drawn up. In these the coffins were placed, and, followed by an escort of mounted police, the sad procession moved at a rapid pace towards the Chief Secretary's Lodge. The route taken was not the usual direction through the Park, which was thronged with people anxious to see the spot where the murder took place, but by a road outside the Park wall, through the Island Bridge Gate, and thence by the Phoenix statue. At several points along the way small knots of spectators had gathered, but not a single head was uncovered as the cortège passed. Doubtless this was owing to the deep awe which must have fallen upon everyone; but no one accustomed to the demeanour of an Irish crowd in presence of the dead could fail to be struck by the circumstance. Half a dozen police were in charge of the gate, and along the boundary separating the Chief Secretary's grounds from the rest of the park some men of the D Division were stationed at intervals. The Lodge had a gloomy and deserted appearance, the blinds being closely drawn, and the few servants in the household moving about with noiseless footsteps and saddened faces. Almost at the moment that the bodies were carried inside, a heavy thunderstorm burst with sudden fury overhead, and for nearly half an hour the warning elements were in keeping with the terror that possessed the minds of men upon whom a full appreciation of the horror of the situation had fallen. The remains were laid in one of the drawing-rooms, the windows of which look out upon the Dublin mountains.

On Monday evening, between five and six o'clock, the body of Lord Frederick Cavendish was removed from the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin, to the North Wall Wharf, on a gun-carriage, and put on board the steam-boat for England. The body was inclosed in a leaden coffin, the outer mahogany shell being panelled with rich black silk velvet. The breast-plate bore the following inscription.—"Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire; born Nov. 30, 1836; died May 6, 1882." A detachment of dragoons formed an escort, and all along the route to the boat the sad procession was received with marks of the utmost sympathy by the immense crowds that had gathered to pay a mark of respect to the deceased. The coffin was placed in a box on the deck, and was covered with the Union Jack. The steamer started almost immediately, and the saddened assemblage slowly dispersed. The funeral of Lord F. Cavendish took place on Thursday afternoon in Edensor Churchyard, which is about a mile from Chatsworth House, in what is known as the Duke's burial-ground. A special train from London conveyed several of her Majesty's Ministers, and other members of both Houses of Parliament, to Chatsworth to attend the funeral. The House of Commons did not sit until nine o'clock in the evening, in order that they might have time to return to London.

The funeral of Mr. Thomas Burke took place on Tuesday, in the Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, and was attended by a representative of the Lord Lieutenant, the Judges, barristers, merchants, and others, the shops being closed along the route of the procession. The members of the Dublin Corn Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the Council of the Home-Rule League, and other public bodies and organisations in Dublin, and throughout Ireland, met and passed resolutions denouncing the assassinations, and expressing sympathy with the bereaved friends.

The Government have offered a reward of £10,000 for the apprehension of the murderers. A sum of £2000 has been subscribed in Cork for the same object, and the Corporations of Dublin, Cork, and other cities have voted money to that purpose. Numerous arrests have been made in Ireland, but in nearly every case the persons detained have been liberated after giving satisfactory accounts of themselves to the police. There was a parade of all the cars bearing the description given of that on which the assassins were seen to drive away; but the witnesses could not identify the car required. The Liffey was dragged, in the hope of finding the weapons or other articles thrown away by the assassins in escaping. Still, the clues in the hands of the police are being followed up. Additional evidence, too, is continually cropping up. Two brass-fitters, named Magle and Fry, in the employment of the Southern Railway at Inchicore, have informed the police that they passed the scene of the assassination on bicycles just as the murder was being committed. They saw two men attack the Chief Secretary and Under-Secretary. There were two other men near. Lord Frederick Cavendish was out on the roadway at the time, moving away from his assailant, who made a plunge with what appeared to be a butcher's knife at him. His arm was raised, and his Lordship fell on the road, almost striking the bicycle of one of them. Both heard Lord F. Cavendish before falling exclaim to his assailant, "Ah! you villain!" The other men at this time were attacking Mr. Burke. Magle and Fry, on their bicycles, got away as fast as they could, as one of the murderers advanced towards them with a bloody knife. One of these witnesses fainted when he got down some distance. They noticed the car at the side of the road adjacent to where the murders were perpetrated. The driver had his back to the murderers. Two gardeners state that, as they were coming into Dublin on Saturday evening, they noticed a hackney car on the road near the Phoenix, the driver alone being on it, but there were four men lounging under the trees. When the gardeners reached the Gough Statue, they met the Chief Secretary and Under-Secretary walking up.

The police are convinced that the car with the men left the city for the Phoenix Park about five on Saturday evening. It passed along by the side of the park, which it entered by the Island Bridge gate, and then, crossing the sward between the Civil Service and Garrison cricket grounds, reached the main road. The murderers then drove up to near the Phoenix Monument, and awaited their victims. They got off the car, which remained on the roadway, and concealed themselves under a clump of trees till they saw Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke approach. Then they suddenly made a rush upon them. Afterwards they drove away, through the village of Chapelizod, at such a furious pace that a carman who was washing his car there was nearly knocked down by the vehicle. He remonstrated with the occupants, who were quite close to him. He has given a very minute description of the men, of the car, and of the horse. He states that he would have no difficulty in identifying any of them. The car crossed the Chapelizod Bridge, and turned back towards Inchicore, where it came into collision with a bread van, the driver of which has also given the police information that is considered to be most important. From Inchicore the car drove back by a much-frequented thoroughfare into the city. Attention is therefore being directed to the districts of Dublin where such men would be most likely to find a hiding-place. A party of seamen of the *Belleisle*, man-of-war, with appliances for dragging rivers, arrived at Dublin on Monday for the purpose of dragging the Liffey at Chapelizod and along the strawberry-beds in the hope of finding in it the weapons used by the murderers. They may have got away to America. Detective arrangements are being made to watch all incoming steamers at New York since Saturday last for persons answering the official description of the criminals, and a reward has been offered by the British Consul-General for any information about them. The Irishmen of Boston have subscribed £1000 to be paid for their apprehension.

The speeches and resolutions in the two Houses of Parliament on Monday are noticed in another column of this paper. The Prime Minister has sent out the following notification:—"Mr. Gladstone has received a flood of telegrams and communications from every part of the three kingdoms, expressive of the universal horror and indignation which are felt at the atrocious crime of Saturday evening last. Among these it is just to say that none are more remarkable for fervour and evident sincerity than the very large number which proceeds from all parts of Ireland. As separate acknowledgment of each of them has become impossible, he at once takes the liberty of requesting an early insertion of this paragraph, or its substance, in the public journals, that he may thus express, in the first instance, his sense of the genuine feeling and just aim of these communications; and, in the next, his personal thanks for the abundant assurances of sympathy with himself and his family which they contain.—10, Downing-street, May 9, 1882."

The vacant offices in the Irish Government have been filled up by the appointment of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., to be Chief Secretary; and Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton to be Permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland.

Our Obituary this week contains brief memoirs of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke, whose portraits we have engraved for present publication; that of the former being copied from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, and the latter from one by Mr. Chancellor, of Lower Sackville-street, Dublin.

THE LATE BISHOP OF SYDNEY.

The Most Rev. Frederic Barker, Bishop of Sydney, and Metropolitan of Australia, whose death took place on the 6th ult., was born in 1808, at Baslow, in Derbyshire, where his father was Vicar for a period of thirty years. At an early age he was sent to Grantham School, and from there went to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he graduated. In 1829 he took his B.A., and was ordained in 1831. His first work was in the village of Upton, Cheshire, where he remained for three years, and afterwards spent one year on the Irish Mission. He next took charge of the parish of St. Mary, Edge-hill, Liverpool, where for nineteen years he performed important work with much zeal and ability. When the bishopric of Sydney, Australia, became vacant, he was nominated to the see and was consecrated on Nov. 30, 1854, at Lambeth. The work in the Southern Hemisphere was of a heavy and arduous character. His diocese was about a thousand miles in extent, and the organisation was somewhat inefficient. One of his greatest works was the formation of a general synod capable of exercising

authority to a limited extent over the whole Church in Australia and Tasmania. It consists of clerical and lay representatives of the several local diocesan synods. The formation of the general synod may be regarded as having perfected the constitution of the Church in that part of the world. The first meeting was a memorable one, and took place on Dec. 5, 1866. In the first seven years of his work in Australia he consecrated eighty-eight churches and school-churches; and then followed the raising of a sum of £44,000 for a church fund; the establishment of a theological college in Liverpool, N.S.W., where in one year ten students were ordained; and the establishment of a clergy-daughters' school in Sydney, built at a cost of £3500, in which large numbers of clergymen's children are highly educated at a small charge; and, lastly, the erection of a magnificent metropolitan cathedral, St. Andrew's, also in Sydney, which was opened in 1868. After twenty-seven years' presidency over the Australian churches, Bishop Barker had been advised in consequence of a paralytic seizure to return to Europe, and after a few weeks' illness he passed peacefully away, on April 6, at San Remo, in Italy. His body was brought to England, and he was buried in the churchyard of his native village at Baslow, near Chatsworth, Derbyshire, on April 18. Bishop Perry, a former colleague, and a number of other clergymen conducted the mournful service. Bishop Barker was twice married, first, to Sophia Jane, daughter of the late John Harden, Esq., of Field House, Lancashire, who died in Sydney in 1876; and secondly, in 1878, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Edward Woods, engineer, of London.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 9.

The assassination of Lord Cavendish and of Mr. Burke has naturally formed the leading topic of serious conversation here during the past two days. The Conservative and the Republican journals are unanimous in condemning and regretting the act. The Radical press sides with the assassins. The *Citizen* says, Bravo! The *Intransigeant* comprises in the same admiration the assassins of Phoenix Park and the Russian Nihilists. In both cases, it says, the victims employ the knife, the revolver, or the bombshell, because their oppressors have really left them no other means of discussion.

There was a singularly brilliant attendance in the tribunes of the Chamber of Deputies yesterday. The ladies were attracted in force by the discussion of the bill for the re-establishment of divorce. The debate was very ordinary. The bill, however, was voted, on the first reading, by 334 votes against 124. M. de Marcère, who pleaded in favour of the bill, quoted a remark of M. Augier, who said to him one day: "You are right in demanding divorce; it is necessary for the re-establishment of order in families; but you will deal a terrible blow to the dramatic authors." Hitherto the principal subject of modern French plays, and of novels too, has been adultery and its consequences in the conjugal and family relations. But the moment divorce exists adultery will cease to be interesting, and not a few of the plays of Dumas and Sardou, and of the novels of Belot, Malot, Zola, and the rest will take their place in the dust of oblivion along with the once-famous lucubrations of Madeleine de Scudéry. But the dramatic authors have still a gleam of hope: the bill will undoubtedly be voted by the Chamber on the second reading; the vote of the Senate is not so sure.

General Türr is trying to gain celebrity as the promoter of the Isthmus of Corinth Canal. M. de Lesseps, in order not to be left in the shade, is beginning to talk about the creation of an inland sea in Africa, the idea of which is due to Captain Roudaire, of the staff. Captain Roudaire has been studying the question since 1875, and, thanks to the influence of M. de Lesseps, he has had the support of the French Government and the approbation of the Academy of Sciences. The plans elaborated by Captain Roudaire consist of a canal of 200 kilomètres, from Gabès in Tunis to the Chott Rhassa on the frontier of the Regency and of Algeria. Then from the Chott Rhassa to the Chott Melzir, in the province of Constantine, a second canal of 40 kilomètres would be dug. The sea would thus run more than 320 kilomètres, some 200 miles, inland, forming in the Chott Rhassa a basin three times as big as the Lake of Geneva, and in the Chott Melzir a basin fourteen times as big as the Lake of Geneva. To cut these canals, M. de Lesseps estimates that six years work and 75 millions of francs would be sufficient. Besides the commercial advantages, the creation of this inland sea would have the strategic advantage of preventing Algeria from invasions from the East.

At a meeting of the "Société Libre des Artistes Français" yesterday, a member called attention to the growing invasion of the Salon by foreigners. I have, indeed, counted in the department of oil-painting alone at the present Salon some thirty English exhibitors and no less than seventy Americans. Nevertheless, if the Society determines to exclude the foreigners, it will deprive the Salon of a powerful element of interest. This year the Anglo-American contingent has provided about one half of the really striking pictures of the exhibition.

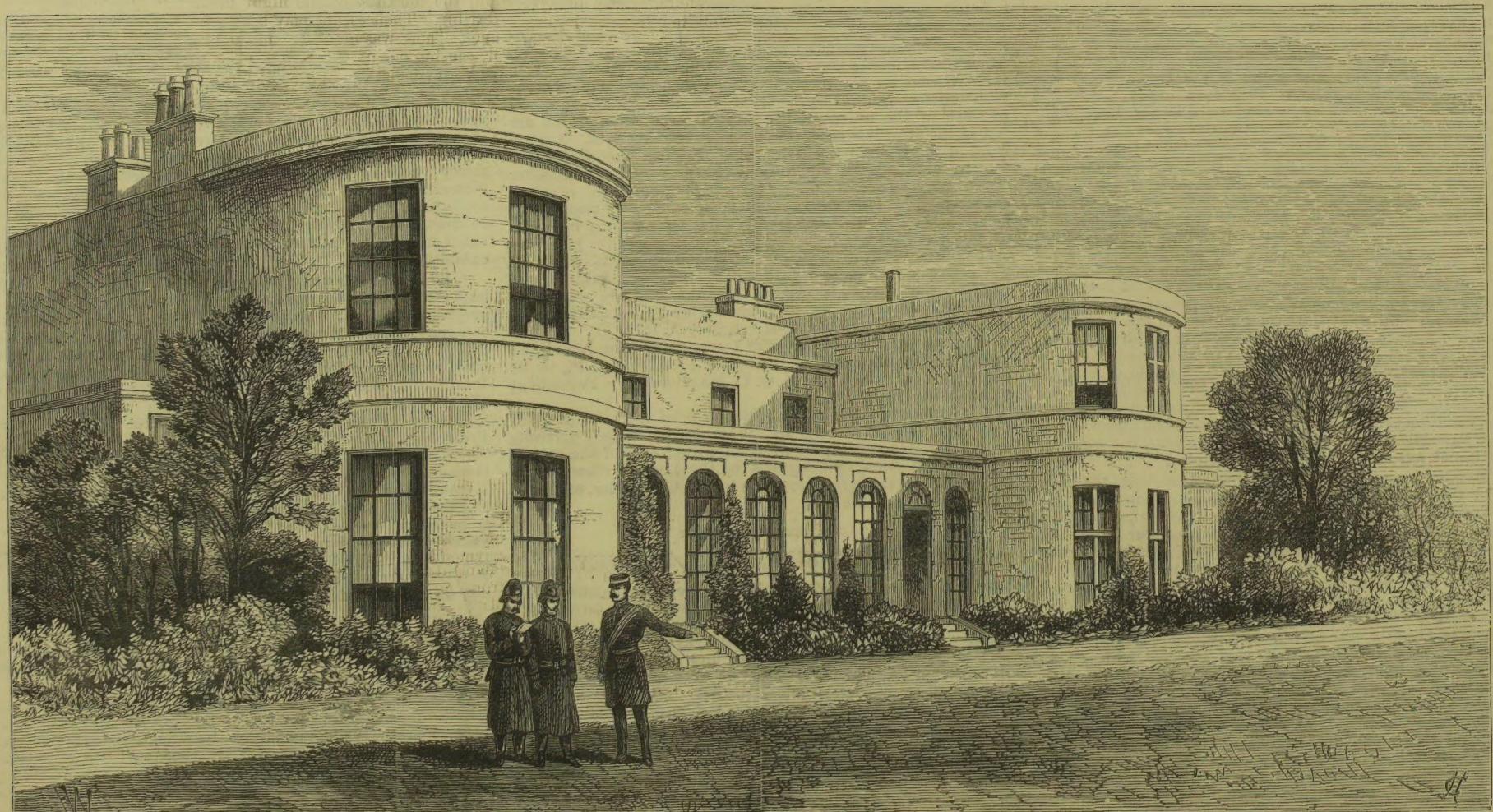
The French play at London has become an affair of such importance that the Parisian theatres have to change their programmes perforce because their "stars" desert them. The company that M. Mayer has formed this year is exceptionally brilliant. Indeed, no French theatre could unite at the same time so much talent. The "stars" are Mesdames Sarah Bernhardt (Damala), Reichenberg, Barretta, Bartet, Tholer; MM. Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Febvre, Worms, Thiron, Coquelin cadet, Talbot, Mesdames Céline Chaumont and Fromentin, M. Daubray, of the Palais-Royal, and Diendonné. The secondary rôles will be filled by MM. Martel, Boucher, Garraud, Sylvain, Prudhon, Roger, and Mesdames Amel, Fayolle, Martin, Fremaux, all of the Comédie-Française, together with twenty-six other ladies and gentlemen, chosen from the companies of the Odéon, Gymnase, Vaudeville, and Palais-Royal Theatres. The novelties of this ninth season at the Gaiety include Erckmann-Chatrian's new play, "Les Rantau," and the famous "Divorçons!", soon destined to lose its piquancy if M. Naquet's bill is made law. T. C.

Under the auspices of Sir John Cowell, Master of the Royal Household, some experiments with various systems of electric lighting have been made at Windsor Castle.

A meeting of managers of Board Schools in London was held last Saturday, in the Lecture-Room of the Society of Arts, to consider the present relations between the managers and the School Board. Sir E. H. Currie occupied the chair, and about 150 managers were present. The Rev. Canon Money moved a resolution affirming the necessity for a revision of the present relations between the managers and the board, and a long discussion ensued, in which most of the speakers complained that they were intrusted with practically no power whatever. The resolution was carried, as was also another appointing a committee to draw up a memorial to be submitted to a future meeting.



THE LATE LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH, M.P., CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND,
MURDERED ON SATURDAY LAST.



RESIDENCE OF THE CHIEF SECRETARY IN PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST.

The ancient Royal Chase or hunting ground of Epping, with its sylvan scenes and pleasant greenwood recesses for the holiday enjoyment of Londoners, being henceforth legally preserved and freely dedicated to public use, was visited last Saturday afternoon by her Majesty the Queen, and by the Duke of Connaught, Ranger of the Forest, meeting there the Lord Mayor and City Corporation, to declare this final confirmation of a great boon to the people. We gave, in the Extra Supplement to last week's publication, a series of Sketches of the scenery of Epping Forest and its neighbourhood, with some account of the proceedings that have been taken, during several years past, to defend the public rights against the encroachments of private unauthorised ownership, and to procure the best security for what remains of a grand domain of the Crown, which has been freely devoted to popular recreation.

The weather on Saturday afternoon was bright and warm; and many thousands of people went out to Epping Forest by the two lines of railway—one to Chingford, on the western side, the other line to Loughton, beyond Woodford and Buckhurst-hill, eastward of High Beech, the place where the ceremony was to be performed. Both lines are in the suburban system of the Great Eastern Railway Company. The day was, to a great extent, observed as a general holiday in the East of London. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole, Sir H. Ponsonby, and General Lynedoch Gardiner, travelled from Windsor by special train, on the Great Western Railway, changing at Acton to the Kew and Hampstead Junction line, and so on to the North London Railway, and thence at Victoria Park to the Chingford line. On arriving at Chingford, about four o'clock, the Queen was met by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Her Majesty was there formally received by the Lord Mayor (Mr. Whittaker Ellis), Mr. H. J. Rebow (High Sheriff of Essex), Mr. Alderman Hanson and Mr. Anderson Ogg (Sheriffs of London), Mr. Deputy Hora (the Chairman of the Committee), and Sir Thomas Nelson (the acting Remembrancer). The Forest Sub- Reception Committee were also awaiting her Majesty's arrival.

A procession was then formed, which left Chingford station amid the booming of a Royal salute, the playing of the National Anthem by the bands of the Royal Artillery and the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, and the cheering of the people. Opposite the Royal Forest Hotel, the balconies of which were filled with spectators, the scene was very animated, and flags and banners streamed and hats and handkerchiefs waved on every side. At the junction of the roads a little farther on were stationed the children of the Woodford Schools, of Mrs. Gladstone's Home, the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, the Loughton Schools, the Buckhurst and Chigwell Schools, and the Princess Louise's Home. All along the route to High Beech her Majesty's reception was of a highly enthusiastic character.

The procession was headed by the mounted police, the members of the Epping Forest Sub- Reception Committee, the chairman of the Epping Forest Committee, the verderers of Epping Forest, the Under-Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the officers of the Corporation of London, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the Aldermen of the City of London (on the committee), the Lady Mayoress, and the High Sheriff of Essex. Guards of honour of the 1st Battalion Warwickshire Regiment and of the Essex Artillery Volunteers were stationed at Chingford Station. A salute was fired in the neighbourhood of Hawk's Wood on her Majesty's arrival. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught, occupied the first carriage. In the second carriage were the Dowager Duchess of Athole (Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen), Lady Adela Larking (in attendance on the Duchess of Connaught), Lady Eleanor Heneage (Lady-in-Waiting upon Princess Louise), and Lord Sandhurst (Lord-in-Waiting). The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G., Ranger of Epping Forest, rode by the side of her Majesty's carriage. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, General the Right Hon. Sir H. Ponsonby, Lieutenant-General H. Lynedoch Gardiner, Sir Maurice FitzGerald (Knight of Kerry), and Major-General the Hon. Sir H. Clifford followed her Majesty's carriage on horseback. An escort, under the command of Captain Lord Arthur Somerset and Lieutenant Selwyn (Royal Horse Guards), was in attendance.

On her Majesty's arrival at High Beech the Royal Standard was hoisted, and her Majesty was received by a Guard of Honour of the Essex Artillery Volunteers, and a salute was fired by a battery of the Hon. Artillery Company. The H Company of the 1st Herts Volunteers was stationed on the route. The London Rifle Brigade, the 3rd Essex Rifle Volunteers, and the Leyton Volunteer Fire Brigade lined the route of the procession. Miss Victoria Buxton had the honour of presenting a bouquet to her Majesty. An address from the Corporation of London was read by the Recorder, welcoming her to the forest, and testifying to the deep interest which the Sovereign had taken in the movement which resulted in that day's ceremonial. Her Majesty, in reply, said:—"I thank you sincerely for your loyal and dutiful address, and it gives me the greatest satisfaction to dedicate this beautiful forest for the enjoyment of my people. I thank you for your continued solicitude for my welfare." The Lord Mayor then, in her Majesty's name, "declared this beautiful forest open and dedicated to the delectation of the public for all time," an announcement which was received with loud cheering, the bands playing the National Anthem, and the Artillery firing a Royal salute.

The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, Mr. Deputy Hora, the mover, and Mr. Wheeler, the seconder of the address, were then presented to the Queen by the Lord Mayor. The Lord Lieutenant of Essex, the High Sheriff of Essex, Mr. John Thomas Bedford, and Sir Thomas Nelson (the City Solicitor) were also presented to her Majesty. The Queen then went to a part of the forest, where a fine specimen of the scarlet oak (*Quercus coccinea*) was planted in her Majesty's name, under the direction of Messrs. William Paul and Son, of Waltham Cross. Before the royal procession returned to Chingford, the Lady Mayoress had the honour of presenting to the Queen a volume of photographs of the most interesting scenery of the forest. Lord Carlingford, Lord Lieutenant of Essex, received the Queen at the station. The Earl and Countess Granville, Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary, Sir Richard Cross, and other persons of note were among the company. Her Majesty left Chingford at half-past five, and arrived at Windsor shortly before seven o'clock, amid the same tokens of loyal affection as on the outward journey. For thousands of people who remained in the forest there was provided at dusk a grand display of fireworks by Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., at the rear of the Royal Forest Hotel, the grounds of which were also illuminated.

Mr. Richard Wallis, formerly a commission broker, of Tower-street, who died recently at Hackney-wick, at the advanced age of ninety years, has bequeathed £100 to the Victoria Park (Congregational) Tabernacle.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

WAGNER'S NIBELUNGEN OPERA-DRAMAS.

The first performances in England of these works (to which we have previously drawn attention) began yesterday (Friday) week, and concluded last Tuesday night. The series consists of four divisions, the dramatic interest of which is continuous, that of the music being rendered so, to some extent, by the incorporation, in each evening's portion, of marking themes ("leitmotiven") associated with some of the principal characters. The Nibelungen "opera-dramas" were originally produced at Bayreuth (in a theatre specially built for them), under the composer's superintendence, in August, 1876, their most recent repetition, until now, having been at Berlin last year. Like Wagner's other stage works, the books were written by himself, and present even more partiality for romantic and extravagant incidents, and tragic passion of an extreme kind. In his treatment of the German mediaeval legend he has shown occasional feeling for dramatic effect, with some touches of poetic sentiment; together with many instances of melodramatic exaggeration, and a general tendency towards horrors of a grotesque and monstrous kind, such as are scarcely fitted for stage representation, and are altogether unsuitable for musical illustration.

The leading dramatic features of the work have before been fully detailed, and may now, therefore, be more slightly sketched in their entirety, as we have to refer to all four performances in this notice. The plot of the whole is based on the ancient German legend of the treasure of gold, guarded by the Rhine daughters in the depths of the river, and the evil consequences attending its abstraction by the Nibelung dwarf Alberich, and the subsequent contests for its possession by gods of the Walhalla and giants and dwarfs on the earth. The treasure gives unlimited power to its possessor, but he must be one who has foresworn love. This condition is fulfilled by Alberich the Nibelung, who forms a ring out of the abstracted gold. Wotan, chief of the Walhalla, coveting the treasure, descends to the Nibelung, and by stratagem obtains it. A curse has been attached to the ring, the result of which is that the giants—who have carried off the goddess Freia, and claim the ring and gold as ransom for her return—are victims of the curse, their quarrel ending in the death of one of them. "Das Rheingold" closes with the lamentation of the Rhine maidens at the loss of the treasure. The performance was excellent in every respect, Madame Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann as Fricka, Herr Vogl as Loge, Herr Schelpner as Alberich, Herr Schlosser as Mime, particularly distinguished themselves by their fine acting and excellent declamation, the cast having been efficiently completed by Frauleinen Schreiber, Riegler, Krauss, Klafsky, and Schulze, and Herren Scaria, Wiegand, Bürgin, Eilers, and Böttcher.

In *Die Walküre* we are introduced to the nine maidens (Walkyries) who have to convey the noblest warriors slain in battle to the castle of the Walhalla. The giant Fafner is in possession of the ring (guarding it in the shape of a gigantic worm), the recovery of which is sought by Wotan. He has a son, Siegmund, and a daughter, Sieglinde (mortals), for the former of whom the wondrous sword "Nothung" is destined. These young people, who have long been separated, suddenly meet in the cottage of Sieglinde's husband, Hunding. Siegmund and Sieglinde fly together, the former being destined to fall by the hand of the aggrieved Hunding. Brünnhilde, the principal Walkyrie, protects Siegmund in his fight with Hunding; but the interposition of Wotan's spear shivers the sword "Nothung" of Siegmund, who falls mortally wounded by Hunding, he being killed by Wotan, and Brünnhilde riding off with the lady. Wotan condemns the Walkyrie to sleep on the rock, until awoken by a man who shall claim her as wife, it being certain that no coward can do so, as she is to be surrounded by a circle of fire. Here again the acting and declamation were of more interest than the music, as music—a specialty having been the admirable performance of Herr Albert Niemann as Siegmund. Excellent also were those of Frauen Sachse-Hofmeister, Vogl, and Reicher-Kindermann as Sieglinde, Brünnhilde, and Fricka, and Herr Scaria as Wotan; the cast having been completed by Herr Wiegand as Hunding, and efficient representatives of the eight Walkyries.

The next division of the Trilogy, "Siegfried," deals with the adventures of that hero, the son of Sieglinde, who is now dead. Mime, Alberich's brother, and forger of the tarn-helm of invisibility, brings up the boy Siegfried to be the winner of the Rhine treasure for the use of the former, who, with the mended sword, "Nothung," seeks an encounter with the worm (the transformed Fafner) and slays him; a quarrel respecting the booty leading to the death of Mime at the hands of Siegfried. The hero, learning the destiny of Brünnhilde, seeks her rescue, and plunges through the flames. Siegfried contemplates the beauty of the ci-devant Walkyrie with rapture, and mutual love ensues. Here also fine acting and declamation gave full effect to the various situations; the performances of Frau Vogl as Brünnhilde and Herr Vogl as Siegfried having been specially excellent. Very good also was Herr Scaria in the long declamations of the Wanderer (Wotan), and Fraulein Schreiber in the music of the Woodbird; the other principal characters having also been well represented by Frau Riegler (Erda) and Herren Schlosser and Schelpner (Mime and Alberich).

The closing division of the work, "Götterdämmerung" ("Twilight of the Gods"), opens with Brünnhilde on the rock; the three Norns (or Fates) discoursing of the events which are leading to the downfall of the gods. Siegfried bestows on Brünnhilde the fated ring, the cause of so many dire events. We are next taken to the Gibichung's Hall on the Rhine, with the King, his sister Gutrune, and Hagen (his half-brother) seated at table. The last-named personage has been trained by Alberich to recover possession of the ring; in order to which, he endeavours to promote in Gunther a passion for Brünnhilde, and in Gutrune for Siegfried, unknowing of the latter's relations with Brünnhilde. To ensure this result, a charmed draught is administered to Siegfried by Gutrune, with whom he immediately falls in love. A change takes place to the rocky abode of Brünnhilde, who is solicited by Waltraute (one of the Walkyries) to restore the ring to the Rhine daughters, and thus prevent the evil consequences to which it is destined to lead. Brünnhilde refuses to part with the gift of Siegfried, who arrives in the semblance of Gunther (by aid of the tarn-helm). He takes the ring from her forcibly, and leads her to the King. She recognises the ring on the hand of Siegfried, who has resumed his own shape, and her love turns to bitter vengeance; and she accordingly denounces him. Mutual distrust and consternation ensue, and the hero is doomed to death, Brünnhilde having communicated to Hagen the secret of the only spot where Siegfried is accessible to sword or spear thrust—the bridal procession of Siegfried and Gutrune closing the scene. This is followed by a recurrence to the shore of the river, and the gambols of the Rhine daughters, Siegfried entering and being solicited by them to give back the ring, which he for some time refuses, but is on the point of yielding when they denounce a curse on him. The Royal hunting party enters, and Siegfried narrates

his past adventure with the monster; and, under the spell of drink handed to him by Hagen, he recounts the truth of his association with Brünnhilde. The King and all are horror-stricken, and Hagen takes vengeance by spearing Siegfried, who dies protesting his love for Brünnhilde. The scene recurs to the Gibichung's Hall. Gutrune bewails the death of Siegfried, and Hagen attempts to take possession of the ring, but is opposed by Gunther, who is slain in the contest, the hand of the corpse of Siegfried having been miraculously waived in menace. Brünnhilde takes the ring from Siegfried's finger, directs the preparation of a funeral pile for her lost lover, and resolves to sacrifice herself on it, thus also destroying the curse of the ill-omened ring. She plunges into the fire, the river rises and approaches, bearing the Rhine daughters; Hagen endeavours to rescue the ring from the waters, but is dragged beneath them by two of the nymphs, the other holding up the recovered treasure. The sky is illuminated by the flames of the burning Walhalla; the gods are doomed; as are other conflicting activities, except that of love, which triumphs. The action and declamation of the performers were again powerful aids to the general effect; the Brünnhilde of Frau Vogl and the Siegfried of Herr Vogl having been prominent. The Gutrune of Fraulein Schreiber, the Waltraute of Frau Reicher-Kindermann, the Hagen of Herr Schelpner, the Gunther of Herr Wiegand, and the Alberich of Herr Biberti, were all more or less important features in the cast, which included the same representatives of the three Rhine daughters as before, and Fraulein Riegler, Milar, and Liebmann as the three Norns.

The incidents above summarised are, as already said, generally extravagant, frequently grotesque, and unsuited for musical purposes, more especially for vocal associations; and it can scarcely be denied that, together with some dramatic effects (chiefly of the monstrous and horrible kind), Wagner's opera books are not such as any of the great composers of the past would have chosen to work on. The occasional instances of poetical feeling are alternated with examples of colloquial commonplace and stilted affectation; and his use of alliterative verse is carried to an excess that is sometimes the reverse of attractive.

In summarising the musical effects of the four evenings it is impossible not to recognise the presence of some powerful dramatic writing; with the frequent prevalence of long and wearisome declamation, devoid of musical thought or form, and, in its way, as uninteresting as the conventionalism of old-fashioned Italian opera recitative. It cannot be disguised that if Wagner's principles of operatic composition were to supersede all others, the art of vocalisation, the charm of cultivated solo singing, would be completely lost. To Wagner this would matter little or nothing, as his chief impressions are produced by his orchestral effects. In the use of these combinations and varieties (of which he is certainly a thorough master) Wagner is greatly indebted to Berlioz, whose scores he has evidently studied with emulative care.

The music of all four divisions presents so much general resemblance, in the prevalence of formless declamation, that there is little occasion for detailed criticism. Among the most effective portions were the orchestral prelude to "Das Rheingold," some of the music of the Rhine daughters, that of the Nibelungen regions, and that of the Walhalla scene. In "Die Walküre," the celebrated "Ride of the Valkyries" was notable, as were Siegmund's Song of the Sword, and passages in the love-duet for him and Sieglinde. In "Siegfried," the sword-forging scene contains much that is characteristic, still more pleasing being the music for the woodbird and its associated passages. The final love-duet between Siegfried and Brünnhilde contains, amid much wearisome declamation, some passages of great dramatic power, and others of tender sentiment. It was finely sung by both artists. In "Götterdämmerung" the several scenes between Siegfried and Brünnhilde include much passionate writing, as does that of the catastrophe in the final act. The death of Siegfried and the solemn orchestral music following it were very impressive, as was the lament of Brünnhilde over the body of her lover, and her impassioned expressions of despair when resolving to sacrifice herself; the recurring music of the Rhine daughters, near the close of the act, giving an agreeable relief. Very little use of the chorus is, strange to say, made by Wagner, and that little only in the last portion of the series.

The performances were conducted by Herr Anton Seidl (of the Leipzig Theatre), whose previous direction of Wagner's works in Germany has earned the warm commendations of the composer. The representations of the cycle of "Nibelungen" opera-dramas were announced to take place, for the second time, yesterday (Friday) evening, the following night, and on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Considering the acrimonious discussion and dissension that have long prevailed as to the merit and value of Wagner's dramatic music, the performances now in course of repetition should meet with the success deserved by an enterprise that places it within the reach of an English public to decide for themselves a question that has long been a vexed one. At all events, the composer will no longer be able to say that his music has been insufficiently appreciated here from having only been heard in Italian and English translations. The occasion is one of rare interest, and, however open to critical objections from a musical point of view, the works are remarkable productions; and their admirable representation should prove highly attractive even to those who object to the music, to which the composer has set his own text. If the *dramatis personæ* are throughout treated almost entirely as actors and actresses rather than singers, all must admit that much of the orchestral colouring is highly picturesque and significant.

Much aid is afforded to visitors, who require such help, by the issue of a "Guide through the Music of R. Wagner's 'The Ring of the Nibelung,'" published by Messrs. Schulz-Curtius, the active agents for the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre. This little book—translated into English by E. von Wolzogen from the German of H. von Wolzogen—gives an outline of the framework of the four "opera-dramas," and quotations in music-type of leading passages of the music. Mr. J. P. Jackson's "Illustrated Handbook" to "The Ring of the Nibelung" will also be found very valuable to intending visitors. It is based on letters written by the author descriptive of the original performances of the works at Bayreuth, and contains an interesting account of the legend, analyses of the action of the dramas, and quotations in music-type of leading passages of the music. Mr. Jackson, it will be remembered, translated the text of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin" for the performances in English by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Another useful book is that published by Messrs. Schott, of Regent-street, in which the original German text is given on one side, and an English translation by H. and F. Corder on the other side.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

We can now only briefly record the proceedings at this establishment. On Thursday week, Mdlle. Stahl made a very successful first appearance as Amneris in "Aida," the character

of the heroine laying, as heretofore, been finely rendered by Madame Furschi-Madi. Signor Frapolli as Radamès, and Signor Pandolfini as Amonasro were highly efficient, as were the representatives of subordinate parts. Signor Bevignani conducted.

On Saturday "Faust" was given, with the fine performance of Madame Albani as Margherita, and a cast otherwise also as before. M. Dupont conducted.

The first of a new series of Richter concerts took place on Wednesday week, when specially fine performances were given of Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch" and overture to "Tannhäuser," Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Mr. E. D'Albert played Rubinstein's fourth pianoforte concerto (in D minor) with great effect. Herr Richter was cordially greeted on his appearance at St. James's Hall. The second concert took place last Monday evening, when a new violin concerto, by the Russian composer Tschaikowsky, was played by Gospodin Adolf Brodsky with great success. The work is a very characteristic one, of which we shall have occasion to speak further. Herr Betz, of the Berlin Opera, sang with much effect; and orchestral pieces were finely performed.

M. Ganz's second orchestral concert of the season took place on Saturday afternoon, when Miss A. B. Huntington made a very successful débüt as a vocalist; Herr Loewenberg played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, and accompanied solos with much effect, and well-known orchestral pieces were efficiently rendered.

Madame Sophie Menter's second Pianoforte Recital (and last of the season) took place at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when the lady played, with splendid execution, a varied selection of pianoforte solos.

Mr. Charles Halle's Recitals are this year given—under the title of "Chamber Music Concerts"—at the Grosvenor Gallery. The first performance took place on Wednesday evening, when the programme included Dvorák's pianoforte quartet and that by Schumann, solo pieces for piano, and one of Handel's violin sonatas. Mr. Halle's coadjutors were: Madame Norman-Néruda, Herr Strauss, and Herr F. Néruda. Seven more concerts are to be given on following Wednesday evenings.

That excellent violinist Mr. Pollitzer gave his evening concert at Steinway Hall on Wednesday, with a sterling programme of vocal and instrumental music.

Miss Philip's concert—to take place next Friday evening at St. James's Hall—promises to be of unusual interest, eminent vocalists and instrumentalists being engaged.

Of the fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society we must speak next week.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It has been my exceptional good fortune to spend, in the course of the week just expired, two very pleasant evenings at the play. I went on Monday to the Globe, to see the new and original pastoral drama, entitled "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Messrs. Thomas Hardy and Comyns Carr; and on Tuesday I proceeded to the St. James's to witness the new and original play, in three acts, written by Mr. A. W. Pinero, and called "The Squire." To me these productions were literally "new and original;" for I explained last week how absence from town prevented my witnessing the first representation of the play of Messrs. Hardy and Carr; and similar reasons prevented me from being present at the St. James's at the first performance of "The Squire." Mr. Hardy's novel of "Far from the Madding Crowd," in the *Cornhill*, I have never read; and my ignorance of that doubtless admirable romance was, I fancy, shared by a gentleman in a box next to mine at the Globe on Monday, who, in a very audible tone, asked the lady by his side "what the doose the Madding Crowd meant." I shall therefore, when noting the points of contact between some of the incidents in the two dramas, merely mention a Common Source from which they would appear to have been derived.

At the Globe, I found in Act the First a knot of idle, querulous, bibulous yokels drinking and smoking about the premises of an antediluvian and thirsty old maltster instead of attending to the business of Miss Bathsheba Everdene, who is described as "a farmer," but who, as she farms her own land, might be entitled to be called—there being no such word as "yeowoman"—a yeoman. The faithless chawbacons who eat up their employer's substance when they should be getting in her hay or looking after her wheatsicks are sternly rebuked by Gabriel Oak, who has been a farmer on his own account; but who, owing to the prevailing agricultural depression and the introduction of machinery, has been forced to give up his holding and seek a situation as bailiff on somebody else's farm. Gabriel has been the early playmate of Bathsheba Everdene, and he is passionately in love with her; but that young lady has bestowed her heart upon a handsome profligate scamp called Frank Troy, a sergeant of a regiment of dragoons quartered in the neighbourhood. To this dissipated non-commissioned officer the imprudent girl is, indeed, secretly married. His reputation for immorality is simply shocking; and he has basely seduced and abandoned poor little Fanny Robin, Bathsheba's pet dairy-maid, who has a half-crazy ne'er-do-well of a gipsy brother, Will Robin, who is destined to act the part of Nemesis in the story. Meanwhile Bathsheba's wheatsicks catch fire; but the conflagration is suppressed through the courage and presence of mind of Gabriel Oak, who, being brought in triumph—and in his shirt sleeves, and with blackened hands and face—into the presence of Bathsheba, is by her appointed bailiff of the farm. In the Second Act there are Christmas rejoicings in the Old Hall of the farm. Gabriel Oak, the bailiff, makes humble but persistent love to Bathsheba, who contumeliously rejects him, and, at the instigation of Sergeant Troy, summarily dismisses him from her service; but Troy's amours with Fanny Robin are brought to light, after the poor girl has drowned herself in despair. Taxed with his infamous behaviour to the dead dairy-maid, the culpable light dragoon has nothing to say, and the virtuously indignant Gabriel Oak is about to take summary vengeance on the betrayer, when Bathsheba flings herself between them, and avows that Frank Troy is her husband. This ends very effectively and dramatically the Second Act. In the Third we have the setting sun, and some haymaking festivities. Sergeant Troy has unaccountably disappeared, and is supposed to have been drowned, as his clothes but not his body have been found on the seashore, where he went to bathe. The rascal, however, is not dead. The deposition of his wearing apparel on the shore was only a *ruse*—not quite an original one, for it has more than once been resorted to by fraudulent bankrupts and absconding bank managers anxious to elude the researches of the Criminal Investigation Department—and he has been lurking about for two whole years with the intent of turning up at the nick of time, to say with Tartufe, in Molière's comedy, "La Maison m'appartient," and to claim the person and the broad acres of Bathsheba. The nick of time occurs when that ill-treated

young lady finds her old girlish love for the true-hearted Gabriel returning. Frank Troy comes back, with a shabby military cloak over his uniform, to assert his marital rights; but the half-crazed gipsy, Will Robin, turns up also at the nick of time with a gun, and shoots the military miscreant dead. The selection of Will as the instrument of Troy's punishment here below is very skilful; for we are entitled to assume that the gipsy will be hanged for the murder of the Sergeant; and as that Romany's sister, Fanny, has already drowned herself, there will be nobody left to be sorry for Will.

The plot of "The Squire" must by this time be familiar to thousands of playgoers—the St. James's on Monday was crowded by a most fashionable audience: thus I am absolved from minutely describing the characters and the incidents in Mr. Pinero's play. It is sufficient for my purpose to note that Kate Verity, the heroine of "The Squire," is an orphaned girl who farms her own land; that she is secretly married to a certain Lieutenant Thorndyke; that she has a bailiff, one Gilbert Hythe, whom she has known from childhood, and who passionately loves her; that in a "situation" identical to that in "Far from the Madding Crowd," Kate Verity confesses that she is Thorndyke's wife and mother of his unborn infant; and that she has a servant-maid who is unfortunate in the possession of a worthless gipsy brother. There is also a faint suggestion of a profligate non-commissioned officer, a sergeant in Thorndyke's regiment, by the name of Morris; but this military Don Juan (who is talked about in the play but is not seen) only jilts his sweetheart, Felicity Gunnion, and does not do her any harm. In both plays also there is a gang of garrulous, selfish, drunken hawbucks, full of uncouth waggery, and jabbering an archaic *argot*, to listen to which might drive Mr. J. Orchard Halliwell or Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte half mad. Certain characters, then, one matrimonial complication, and a single "situation" in each play appear to be drawn from the Common Source I speak of; but as plays—and they are both exceedingly clever plays—I fail to discern any similarity between "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "The Squire." It is the same scene, but the words at either theatre are different. The delineation of the characters, their motives, their dialogue, and the dénouement itself are totally dissimilar. It would really seem as though the same theme had been given out as a kind of competitive examination paper to two skilled writers, and that each had done his very best, from his own point of view, to fill up the very meagre outline furnished to him. To be sure, the outline worked upon by Messrs. Hardy and Comyns Carr was, patently, the undoubted literary property of the first-named gentleman; whereas Mr. Pinero's idea of his "Squire" may have been revealed to him in a dream: unless indeed it sprang fully armed, like Minerva from Jove's head, out of a blackberry hedge in one of the pleasant Kentish lanes in which Mr. P. was taking his morning walk. To this clever gentleman must also undeniably be given all the credit for the invention of the character of the Rev. Paul Dormer, the "mad parson," with so much method in his madness, so admirably played by Mr. Hare. At this advanced period of the career of this deservedly successful play it would be an act of supererogation to enlarge on the exquisitely pathetic acting of Mrs. Kendal as Kate Verity, on the manly bearing of Mr. Kendal as Lieutenant Thorndyke, or on the vigour of low-life character-painting thrown by Mr. T. W. Robertson and Miss Ada Murray respectively into the parts of the gipsy lad Izod Haggerston, and his vengeful sister Christiana. The jabbering joskins appeared to me, at both theatres, simply intolerable. I cannot help expressing my thanks, however, to the author of "The Squire" for his introduction of the character of a drunken reporter in the shape of The Representative of the *Pugley Mercury*. I have the highest admiration for the enterprise and energy of the provincial press; but I was not aware that it was the custom to dispatch representatives of country newspapers to chronicle the harvest homes of obscure farmers. Perhaps the inebriated reporter in "The Squire" was only some low strolling player of the Alfred Jingle type, who had passed himself off as a member of the press, in order to obtain a skinfull of cider; or, perhaps, the introduction of the caricature is to be regarded as merely a gratuitous piece of impertinence of the part of Mr. Pinero.

The principal characters in "Far from the Madding Crowd" were excellently well represented. Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Bathsheba Everdene has achieved a veritable triumph, and has made a distinct and important step in advance in her art. She looked simply charming, and as though she had walked straight out of one of the pastoral pictures of Morland or of Romney. Taste, eloquence, passion, and the most tender sentiment marked her performance; and from first to last she retained the firmest grasp on the sympathies of her audience. She was very ably seconded by Mr. Charles Kelly, who in the earnest straightforward character of Gabriel Oak earns our respect as well as our admiration. Now, Lieutenant Thorndyke, capitally as the part is played by Mr. Kendal, fails to win our esteem. He is not precisely a scamp; but he is certainly a "loose fish," and although he may have had reason to believe, when he married Kate Verity, that his first wife, the foreign singing-woman, was dead, it was his bounden duty as a gentleman and a man of honour to tell Kate that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, he was a widower. Many nice girls object to widowers as husbands. They know too much. But Gabriel Oak gives his first love to Bathsheba. Sergeant Troy, at the Globe, finds a thoroughly efficient representative in Mr. J. H. Barnes. He is emphatically the "Bold Dragoon, with his Long Sword, Saddle, Bridle, O!" the handsome profligate and utterly heartless trooper, whom the lyrst must have had in his mind's eye when he wrote "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This kind of dragoon is said to have flourished at the commencement of the present century, at which period the action of "Far from the Madding Crowd" is supposed to take place. The existing dragoon, it is almost needless to observe, is a Pattern of Prudery and a Model of Morality.

The enjoyment which I derived from the performances of Monday and Tuesday last is largely enhanced by the firm persuasion that what I have written will be acceptable neither to the authors of "Far from the Madding Crowd" nor to the author of "The Squire." Bless them all! G. A. S.

The Iron and Steel Institute held their annual general meeting on Wednesday and two following days at the Institute of Civil Engineers, Westminster. The Bessemer Medal for 1882 has been presented to Mr. A. L. Holley, of New York.

The election for an Alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without, in the room of Mr. Figgins, who has resigned, terminated on Tuesday in the return of Mr. Polydore de Keyser, who polled 902 votes; Mr. Herbert J. Waterlow polled 662, and Mr. Marshall 86.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool last week from the United States and Canada showed a slight increase of the former and a decrease of the latter, in comparison with the figures of the preceding week; there being a total of 1481 cattle, 2718 sheep, 4010 quarters of beef, and 1540 carcasses of mutton.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The shadow of the appalling crime in Phoenix Park fell with particular gloom over Parliament. One of the victims had by natural geniality and courtesy to all classes of men he was thrown into contact with, by steadfast hard work in a post of peculiar responsibility, and by an unfailing *bonhomie* not too general in official circles, won an amount of respect and regard that can be measured by the tributes paid to his noble character and great qualities now his useful career has, alas! been cruelly cut short by the hands of savage assassins in a land to the improvement of which he was about to zealously devote himself. If anything could console the relatives and friends of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in their most painful bereavement, it would be the national expression of sympathy with them called forth by the terrible murders, which Irishmen deplore as sincerely as Englishmen do.

Nothing could have been in better taste than the spontaneous tribute of respect paid by the House of Commons to the memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish on Monday. It was clear popular interest on this sad occasion was centred in the Lower House. Not only did members assemble in unusually large numbers at prayers, not alone in order to secure seats it may be safely said with regard to this afternoon; but the gallery devoted to peers and distinguished strangers, and the Ladies' Gallery, were completely filled at an exceptionally early hour. Mourning was noticeable in the prevalence of black. When Mr. Gladstone (after a brief conversation with Mr. Chamberlain behind the Speaker's Chair) took his seat between Lord Richard Grosvenor and the Home Secretary near the centre of the Treasury bench, a sudden hush fell upon the House. The attention of the vast muster of members, of the strangers in the thronged galleries, and of the Ambassadors and noble Lords, prominent among whom was the Duke of Teck, was concentrated upon the Prime Minister, who sat amidst his saddened colleagues pressing his hand to his brow till called upon by the Speaker. His right-hand man, the Marquis of Hartington, was away at Chatsworth, preparing for his late brother's funeral. But there were present on the front bench, in addition to the Ministers already mentioned, Mr. Childers, Mr. Bright, Mr. Hibbert, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and Sir Henry James, facing whom, on the front Opposition bench, were Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Richard Cross, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Gibson, and other leading members of the Opposition, to the left of whom were grouped Mr. Parnell and his associates, all in deep mourning. Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen were recognised seated next each other at the corner of the second bench behind Ministers.

Mr. Gladstone broke a silence that was felt in rising to ask the House to immediately adjourn. His face an ashen-white, the Prime Minister strenuously endeavoured to repress his grief, and by a supreme effort managed to give tremulous expression to the heartfelt sorrow of himself and colleagues. Characterising the "blackness of the crime" as unparalleled in itself, and unparalleled "for the horror which it has excited in the entire people of the United Kingdom," Mr. Gladstone in less broken tones said that in "the death of Mr. Burke we are robbed of one of the ablest, most upright, most experienced, and most eminent members of the Civil Service," and with touching earnestness lifted his voice to add, in reference to the loss of Lord Frederick Cavendish, that "one of the very noblest hearts in England has ceased to beat, and has ceased at a moment when it was just devoted to the service of Ireland, full of love for that country, full of hope for the future, full of capacity to render her service." Briefly, the Premier stated that on Thursday the Government hoped to be able to introduce an effective measure for the better prevention of crime in Ireland, and promised that the Ministerial bill dealing with Irish arrears of rent should be brought forward on an early date. On the part of the Opposition, Sir Stafford Northcote seconded the Premier's motion with all the kindness natural to him. It was in the voice of one individually stricken by the terrible occurrence that Mr. Parnell expressed, in the name of the Home-Rule Party, "most unqualified detestation of the horrible crime"—"committed by men who absolutely detest the cause with which I have been associated." Mr. Forster's eulogy of his murdered successor and Mr. Burke called up Mr. Lowther with a fresh tribute to the late Under-Secretary. But, though the House adjourned, hon. members seemed loth to separate, Conservatives gathering round the Leaders of the Opposition in subdued conversation, Mr. Parnell consulting with a small group of Irish members below the gangway, and Ministers holding an impromptu council behind the Speaker's Chair.

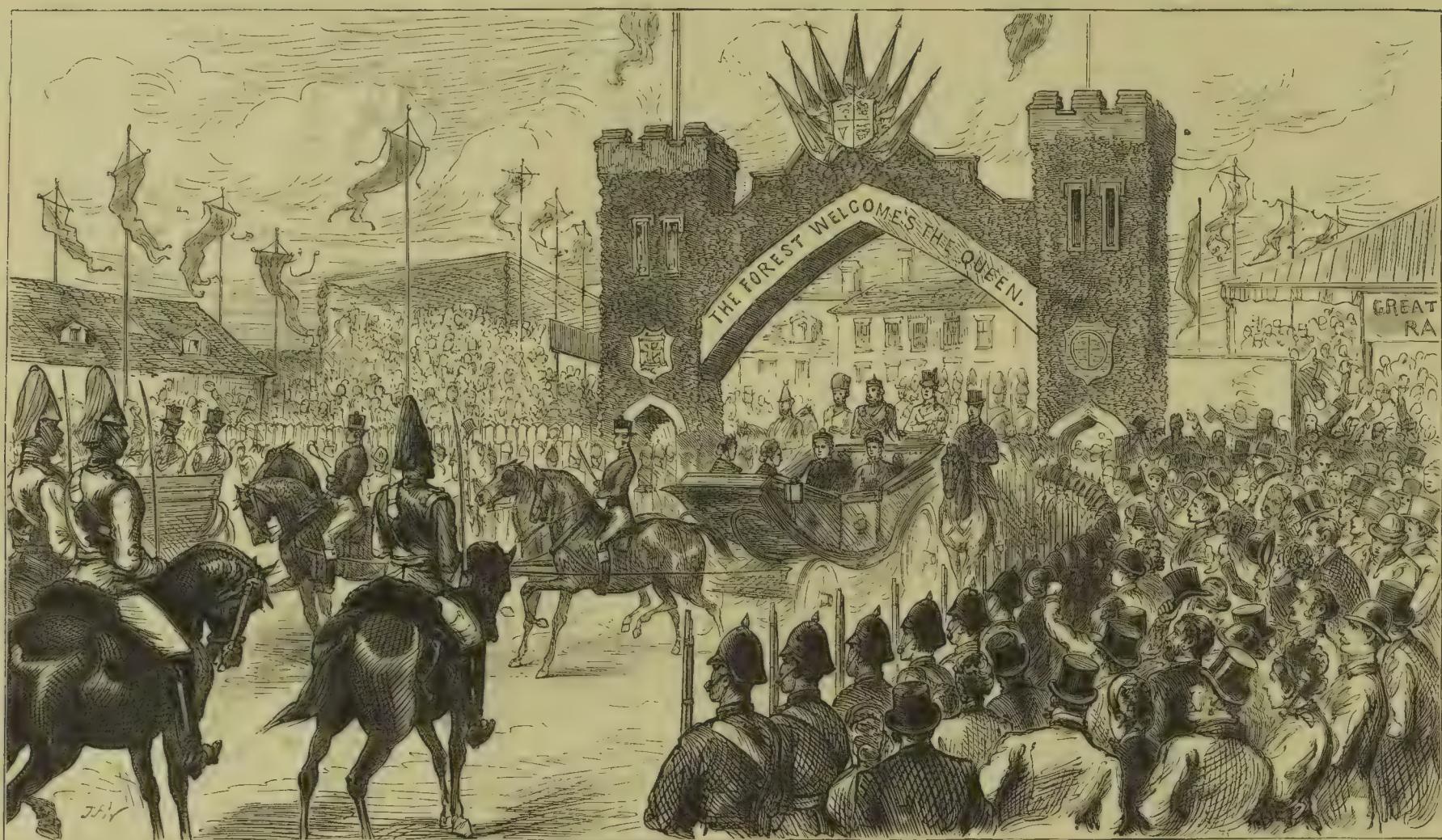
The House of Lords was not at all so full when Earl Granville, in moving the adjournment, though struggling against emotion, paid the most eloquent tribute of all to the high character of Lord Frederick Cavendish. The Foreign Secretary (who repaired an omission of the Premier, and included the bill dealing with the Bright clauses of the Land Act among the measures to be introduced this Session) was followed in similarly sympathetic speeches from the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Cowper, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Carlingford, whose panegyric of Mr. Burke was the more appropriate inasmuch as he once occupied the confidential position of his Lordship's private secretary.

The malignant endeavour of some publicists to throw obloquy upon the Government by pointing to Mr. Forster's resignation and then to the murders in Dublin as cause and effect should fall to the ground when it is remembered that the monstrous crime was committed under the system of police sanctioned by the ex-Chief Secretary—a system it could not have been possible for Earl Spencer or Lord Frederick Cavendish to have revised, inasmuch as they were not sworn in until the very afternoon of the assassinations. Quite eclipsed by the deplorable event of Saturday last, the scene in the House of Commons on Thursday week, when Mr. Forster gave his reasons for resigning and Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly resumed their seats, may yet be deemed of sufficient gravity to be shortly commented on. Mr. Forster's explanation was practically a speech of censure against the Government. Its gist was that he resigned because the Ministry did not agree with him that either certain promises should be exacted from the imprisoned members before their liberation, or that they should be detained in Kilmainham till Ireland was in a more satisfactory condition, or another Coercion Act was passed to take the place of the existing Act. The carefully written and learnt address was altogether far more palatable to the Conservatives than to the Ministerial side of the House. It gave rise to a whole evening's debate on the state of Ireland, the other most noteworthy incident of which was the diplomatic conversation between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone.

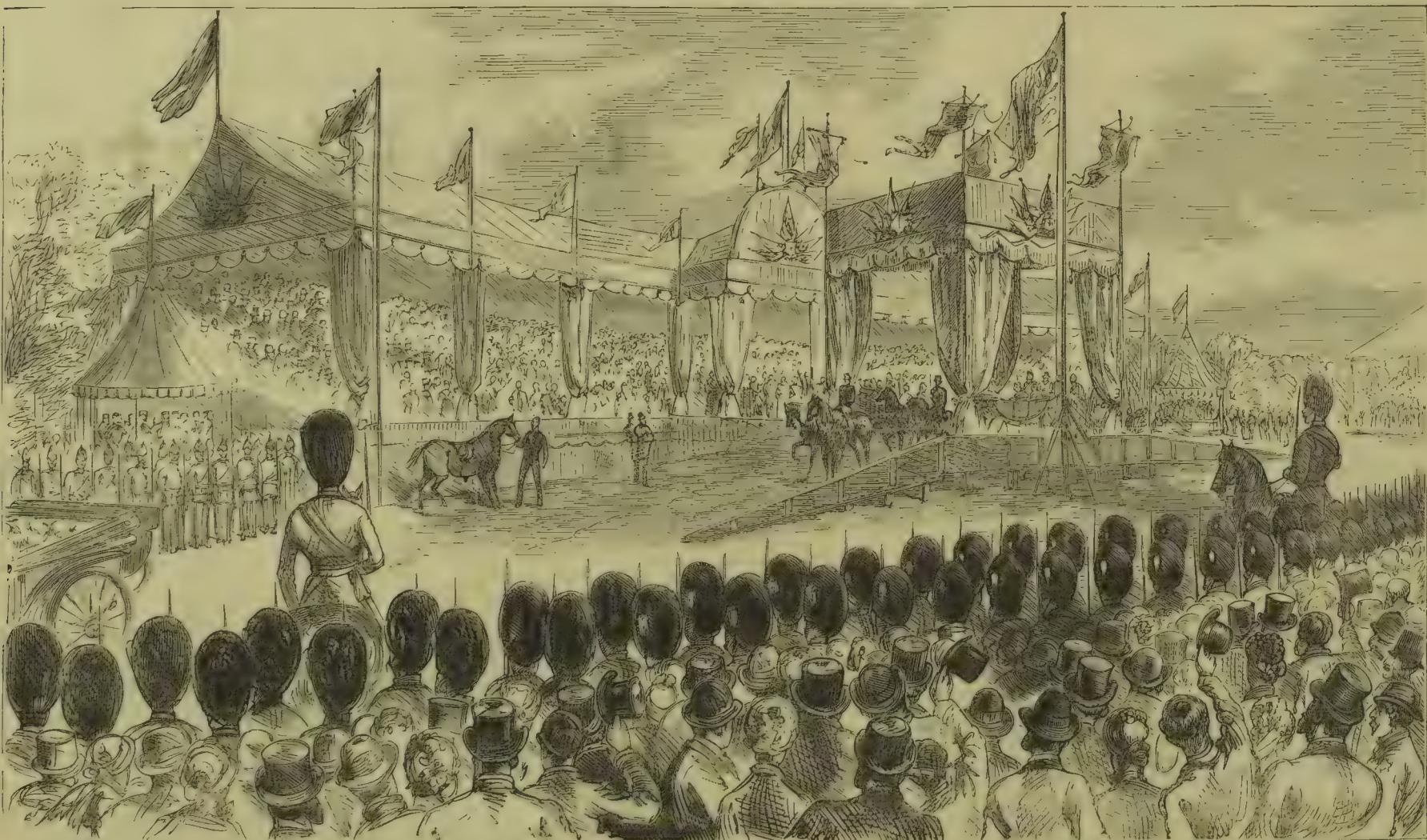
With what dispatch the Commons can transact the business of legislation when systematic Obstruction is abandoned was shown on Tuesday. After Wednesday's short sitting came the mournful duty of paying the last mark of respect for a noble life at the graveside of Lord Frederick Cavendish at Chatsworth, on Thursday.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST.

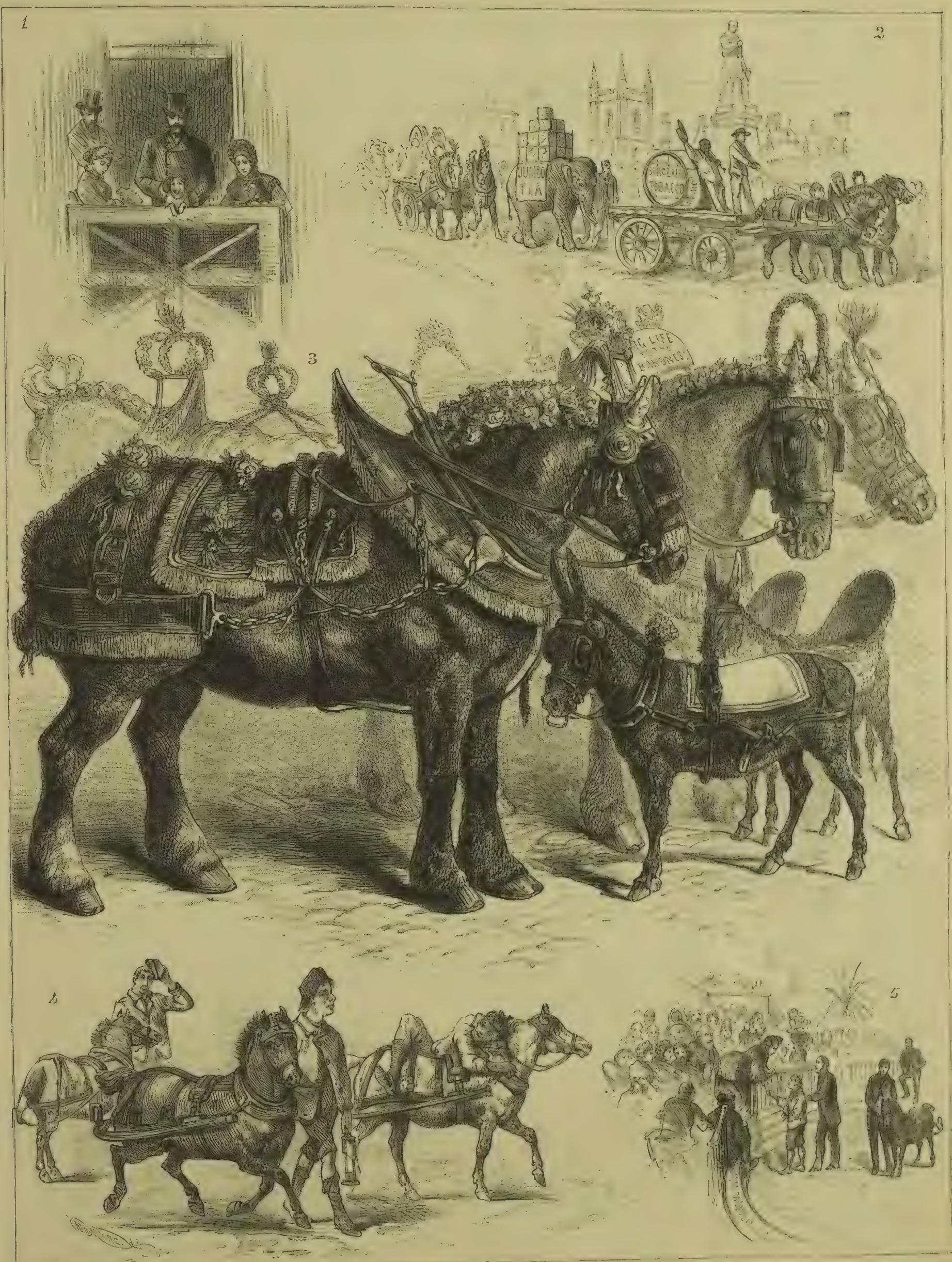
SEE PAGE 458.



LEAVING CHINGFORD.



THE SCENE AT HIGH BEECH.



1. Lady Burdett-Coutts and her husband viewing the procession.
2. The procession going past the Stephenson statue.

3. Horse belonging to the North-Eastern Railway Company, winner of the Championship Prize.
4. Two ponies, with boys.
5. Lady Burdett-Coutts giving a prize to one of the pony-boys, in the Circus.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

ITALY.

The Senate on the 4th inst., by 126 votes to 71, passed the bill providing for the establishment of the system of voting by large constituencies, after rejecting all amendments.

On Tuesday the Treaty of Commerce between Italy and France was voted by the Chamber.

SPAIN.

The debate in the Senate upon the Commercial Treaty with France came to a close on Monday evening; and the Treaty was carried by 135 against 85.

PORTUGAL.

The Pombal Centenary Festivities at Lisbon extended over two days. On Monday the King laid the foundation-stone of a monument to the memory of Pombal. The concourse of people was enormous, and the weather was splendid.

HOLLAND.

On the 4th inst., the representatives of the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Denmark, and Norway and Sweden met at the Hague to conclude the convention for regulating the police of the fisheries in the North Sea.

The Ministry has resigned, in consequence of the rejection by the Second Chamber, for the second time, of the Franco-Dutch Commercial Treaty.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

After rejecting all amendments, the Lower House of the Reichsrath on the 4th inst. agreed to the duties on flour and articles made from flour, in accordance with the proposals of the committee. On the 5th inst. the Lower House adopted the proposals of the majority of the committee as to the Customs duties on cattle, game, and animal products.

The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet has adopted the Bill for the amendment of the military law.

GERMANY.

A Royal salute of a hundred and one guns announced to Berlin on Sunday morning the birth of a son to Prince William of Prussia. The joyful event, which took place on Saturday night at Potsdam, gives the German Emperor a great-grandson and a third successive heir to the German and Prussian Crowns in the direct line. The infant Prince is also a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and grandson of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany. The Princess William and her son are progressing very satisfactorily.

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet on the 4th inst. adopted the Ecclesiastical Bill with the amendments introduced by the Upper House. The Session closed on Thursday.

DENMARK.

The joint committee of the two Houses of the Legislature has adopted a compromise on the Budget question by 19 votes to 4, seven members refraining from voting.

RUSSIA.

It is announced that the Imperial family will, on the 17th inst., proceed to Peterhof, and remain there for the accouchement of the Empress. After her Majesty's recovery the Imperial family will leave for the Jilinska Castle, near Moscow. Just before the coronation of the Czar the Court will proceed to the Petrofska Castle, whence their Majesties will enter Moscow in State.

The Chinese troops have reoccupied Kuldja, which was peacefully evacuated by the Russians.

GREECE.

King George on the 4th inst. turned the first turf of the new canal which is to be constructed through the Isthmus of Corinth, in the presence of 5000 spectators.

Lord and Lady Dufferin have arrived at Athens from Constantinople.

TURKEY.

The convention between the Porte and Russia, arranging the terms for the payment of the war indemnity, was signed on Wednesday at the Russian Embassy. The final decision about the War Indemnity which Russia claims from Turkey is that the latter country shall pay annually three hundred and fifty thousand liras, which are to be raised by five vilayets that are named in the arrangement.

Further changes in the Cabinet were officially announced on Tuesday.

EGYPT.

On Tuesday the Khedive signed a decree, commuting into simple exile the sentence of the court-martial upon the Circassian officers and their accomplices. The decree was issued after consultation with the diplomatic agents of England and France.

Trouble has again arisen for Egypt in the Soudan. The "false prophet" of last year, at the head of 8000 men, said to be well armed, has been once more in active revolt, and in his first encounter defeated the Egyptian troops. He was advancing on Khartoum. According to official news published in Cairo, however, he has been killed by the Egyptian troops, and his followers have dispersed. But this intelligence seems to lack confirmation.

AMERICA.

President Arthur has signed the Chinese Exclusion Bill, which had been passed, with amendments, by both branches of the United States Legislature.

The Supreme Court has found that the court-martial had full power to try Sergeant Mason, the man who shot at Guitau while he was in prison. The Court accordingly refused the petition for *habeas corpus* made in Mason's behalf, and discharged the rule to show cause.

Mr. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy, has received a telegram from Mr. Melville, the engineer of the Jeannette, dated from the delta of the Lena river, March 21, announcing that he has found Lieutenant De Long and his party dead. He was, however, continuing his search for Lieutenant Chipp, the commander of the second cutter.

In the month of April last about 27,000 Germans emigrated to the United States. Twenty-one steamers landed 17,212 emigrants at Castle Garden, New York, last week.

CANADA.

The Dominion Senate have adopted, by 36 votes to 5, the Address to the Queen, which was unanimously agreed to by the Lower House, praying that Ireland should be granted a form of self-government, and that clemency should be extended to the political prisoners. The Montreal Telegraph Company Amalgamation Bill has been passed in the Senate.

The House of Commons have negatived a motion condemning the Ministerial proposal to increase the estimates of expenditure. The supplementary estimates for 1883, amounting to 2,000,000 dols., have been laid before the House.

According to official returns, the revenue of the Dominion in April last amounted to 2,600,000 dols., and the expenditure to 1,700,000 dols. During the ten months ending April 30 the revenue was 27,000,000 dols., and the expenditure 19,500,000 dols. The value of the exports of Canadian products in March reached 3,500,000 dols.

The Legislature of Quebec has passed a bill authorising the sale of the eastern section of the Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa Occidental Railway.

The address in reply to the speech of the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba has been adopted by the Assembly.

MAY-DAY PROCESSION OF HORSES.

At Newcastle, on the first day of May, the annual exhibition of cart-horses, which is of some importance in the district, was accompanied by an interesting procession of those animals and other beasts of draught service through the streets of the town. Lady Burdett-Coutts, one of the patrons of this exhibition, was present, with the Mayor and Mayoress, among the spectators. The total number of horses and other animals was 1079, and they comprised 982 horses and ponies, 77 pit ponies, 16 asses, 3 mules, and 1 elephant. There were 650 conveyances (carts, rolleys, cabs, vans, &c.), with one horse and with two horses, and 66 vehicles with two horses. Most of them were gaily decorated; they assembled in the streets adjoining Scotswood-road, and started from the Cattle Market, the route being as follows:—Clayton-street West, Clayton-street East, Blackett-street, Grainger-street, Grainger-street West, Neville-street, Collingwood-street, Mosley-street, Grey-street, Market-street, Pilgrim-street, and Northumberland-street, up to the Haymarket. The procession returned by Percy-street and Newgate-street to the Cattle Market. It was headed by three large waggons, each drawn by four fine horses beautifully decorated; and each of the three waggons contained three tierces of tobacco. These were followed by eighty waggons of the North-Eastern Railway Company, which attracted much attention, and by four parcel vans, with eleven chain horses, very fine animals. One wagon was covered with moss and flowers, flowering plants, and shrubs, tastefully arranged, and the horse was decorated with fruit blossoms. The waggons and drays were laden with great quantities of the special wares in which their owners deal, such as coals, ironwork, and machinery, casks of beer, firkins of butter, grain, fruit, vegetables, and meat, forming good advertisements of their trade. An interesting feature in the procession was the pit ponies. The first lot consisted of about forty ponies of various collieries. About one half of this number was attached to tubs, and driven by young pit lads in working dress, and the rest of the ponies in the first lot were led by pitmen. The route was kept clear by mounted marshals and a detachment of police. The public of Newcastle are indebted to Mr. Councillor Ellis and his brother, Mr. J. B. Ellis (Messrs. Hindhaugh and Co., seedsmen), as the originators of the May-Day processions. Seven years ago they decorated their own horses on May 1. In the next year Messrs. Oubridge also decorated their horses. Last year the May-Day procession was extended, and a committee was formed to carry out processions in future years. The following gentlemen formed the committee:—Messrs. R. L. Dunford, E. Dunford, A. Tindall, T. Graddon, C. Harrison, jun., R. Dove, R. Newton, A. Moscrop, G. Elphick, J. J. Walton, R. Crow. The treasurer was Mr. Barker Ellis, Cloth Market; and the hon. secretary was Mr. John M. Oubridge. The committee were fortunate in securing a good president in Councillor C. J. Jackson. Among the Sketches of our Artist illustrating this procession, the central figure is that of a horse belonging to the North-Eastern Railway Company, the winner of the silver cup given for the championship prize. The four surrounding Sketches represent—1, the window of the Bank of England, in Grey-street, at which Lady Burdett-Coutts and her husband sat to view the procession; 2, the procession passing the Stephenson Monument; 3, a group of the pit ponies, and boys with them, above noticed; 4, the Baroness distributing prizes in the circus, and shaking hands with one of these boys, who had been judged deserving of a prize.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Mr. T. Harry read a paper on the Northern Territory of South Australia at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute.

Yesterday week Mr. Walpole was sworn in, at the ancient fortress of Castle Rushen, as Governor of Isle of Man.

"The Sportsman's Guide to Scotland," admirably edited by Mr. Watson Lyall, contains time-tables for the northern railways, and notes on rivers, lochs, burns, moors, and forests.

Mr. Frederick Whitting, M.A., King's College, Cambridge, was yesterday week elected to fill the vacancy caused in the Council of the Senate by Mr. Van Sittart's death.

The Hon. and Rev. William H. Fremantle, M.A., formerly Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, has been elected Bampton lecturer for the ensuing year.

The coaches of the Coaching Club meet at the Magazine, Hyde Park, to-day (Saturday), at twelve o'clock, to drive to the Star and Garter for luncheon.

With the approval of the Treasury, Mr. P. Edward Dove, of Lincoln's Inn, has been appointed secretary to the Transit of Venus Commission.

Mr. Dugdale, the owner of Badlesley Colliery, has died from the injuries which he received whilst endeavouring, with others, to rescue the entombed miners. Mr. Pogmore, the agent, another of the party, is also dead, and his son lies in a precarious condition.

At the Warwick Assizes on Monday Frederica de Furnieus and James Gething were indicted for having obtained money by false pretences. Both prisoners, when charged, pleaded not guilty; but, so far as the female prisoner was concerned, she withdrew this plea during the progress of the case, and upon conviction was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Gething was acquitted.

The Earl of Denbigh has consented to act as President of the centre of the St. John Ambulance Association recently formed at Coventry. Classes for both sexes, largely attended, are receiving instruction at that centre in the first treatment of injured persons. On the 22nd ult. certificates were presented to the Malta classes in the ball-room of the Palace at Valetta by the Governor, General Sir Arthur Borton, President of the centre.

Nearly 10,000 of the Metropolitan Volunteers were under arms last Saturday; the principal work engaged in being the annual official brigade drills in Hyde Park and Wimbledon, in which ten regiments were represented. Four out of the five regiments composing the City Volunteer force—namely, the 1st London Artillery, 1st London Engineers, 2nd London Rifles, and 3rd London Rifles—mustered at Finsbury-circus, whence they marched through the City and West-End to Hyde Park. The London Rifle Brigade were to have taken part in the march, but were prevented from doing so in consequence of having, with other regiments, to form a guard of honour for her Majesty at Epping. On arrival at the Embankment the brigade was met by Colonel Clive, Grenadier Guards, brigadier, with his brigade major and aide-de-camp, who ordered the formation of advance and rear guards with the usual connecting links, and thence the march was resumed to the park, where numerous movements were carried out. At Wimbledon six regiments were formed up for brigade drill, under the command of Colonel Moncrieff, Scots Guards, as follows:—South Middlesex Rifles, London Scottish Rifles, 10th Middlesex Rifles, Queen's Westminster Rifles, Inns of Court Rifles, and Artists' Rifles. Besides the above, some twelve other regiments were out.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

The last day at Chester was about the most interesting of the three as far as the sport was concerned, and the weather was simply perfect. The easy victory of Gaydene (9 st. 10 lb.) in the Prince of Wales's Welter Handicap Cup considerably enhances the form of the leading trio in the One Thousand, as the filly, who can evidently race a bit, was almost beaten off in that event. Whipper In had no trouble in disposing of five moderate opponents for the Dee Stakes, and, after the race, found backers at outside prices for the Derby. Incendiary (7 st. 7 lb.) was once more heavily backed for the Great Cheshire Stakes, but again ran badly, and Pilgrim (7 st. 10 lb.) made amends for many previous disappointments by a clever victory from the useful Fiddler (8 st. 10 lb.); The Chirper (7 st. 7 lb.) ran so moderately that he will not prove of the smallest use as a trial-horse for Bruce. There was no real opposition to Tristan in the Queen's Plate, and M. Lefevre's much-improved colt looks like having a regular benefit in this class of race. Two very fair days' sport was provided at Kempton Park at the end of the week. A couple of events for juveniles fell to Madrid, who should do good service for Pero Gomez, and the Kempton Park May Handicap went to old Hesper (8 st. 6 lb.), whose resuscitation has proved a great success. It is now clear that there were good grounds for backing him so heavily for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and he ought to have run much better than he did in that race. Backers had a grand time of it on Saturday, every favourite except one proving successful, and Archer fairly eclipsed himself during the week, as he rode thirteen winners.

There was an unusually small attendance at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, the terrible tragedy in Dublin keeping at home many of the aristocratic followers of racing. In the Spring Two Year Old Stakes, Sir John Astley introduced us to a remarkably handsome filly by Alvarez, from Electric Light, who is, appropriately enough, named Lovely. She is said to be better than Petticoat, and the style in which she won certainly seems to favour this report. The Breeders' Plate appeared so completely at the mercy of Rookery that it was a case of "20 to 1 bar one," and there was great excitement when Tyndrum fairly got to her head, and made a resolute bid for victory. She eventually landed the long odds laid on her by a neck; but we doubt if the result ought ever to have been in jeopardy, and Wynne, great as is his reputation in Ireland, scarcely acquitted himself in the style of a Fordham or Cannon. The next performance of Rookery will, however, excite much interest. Lowland Chief (8 st. 11 lb.) followed up his success at Kempton Park by beating a very large field for the Visitors' Plate, in which race Mistake (9 st. 7 lb.) was the absolute last. Webb then vacated his saddle for Luke, and, with 8 st. on his back, and after a short half-hour's rest, the American horse fairly ran away with the Newmarket Spring Handicap. Pebble could not concede 8 lb. to Hauteur in a sweepstakes over the last five furlongs of the D.M., and it is noticeable that easily as Hauteur—a son of Rosicrucian and Hawthorndale—won on this occasion, he could make no sort of a fight with Rookery at Epsom.

At Ashcombe Park, near Leek, Staffordshire, on Saturday last, in a match between Ashcombe Park and Tunstall, James Walker (professional cricketer at Ashcombe Park) accomplished the unparalleled feat of capturing eight wickets in eight consecutive balls—five clean bowled, two caught, and one 1 b w. The Tunstall team scored 2 runs in the first and 6 runs in the second innings. Walker's bowling analysis is well worthy of notice—2 overs and 3 balls, 9 wickets, no runs.

The final heats of the Chinnery Regatta, which took place last Saturday, were very unsatisfactory. The junior prize went to H. Follett, of Richmond, who is very likely the best man of the four; still Pearce was considerably interfered with by Driver. Matters were infinitely worse in the race for seniors, as G. Perkins, who possessed no chance himself, first fouled Godwin and put him right out of it, and then steered across the river to Lagan, and, managing to get their boats fairly locked together, completely stopped him. In consequence of this disgraceful conduct L. Gibson, a much inferior man to Lagan, won easily; and such performances as these are a very poor return for the great liberality shown by the Messrs. Chinnery in presenting £200 per annum for the encouragement of professional scullers.

A notice of the May magazines and many other articles are unavoidably deferred.

The anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum will be celebrated next Wednesday in the Crystal Palace, Mr. William Hoare, of the eminent firm of brewers, in the chair.

The annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, is announced to be held at the office, on Friday (yesterday) afternoon, Lord Shaftesbury, the president, in the chair.

Lord Salisbury presided at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund last week, and dwelt upon the long career of usefulness which that institution had pursued to succour a class of men who had shown much devotion to culture. The subscriptions amounted to upwards of £1000, including one hundred guineas from the Queen. The fund rendered assistance last year to thirty-eight persons, among whom are eight widows and one orphan. The grants averaged nearly £50 each, the total amount bestowed being £1963. In twelve cases only the relief was given for the first time. These received among them £900. One figure as being relieved for the tenth time, and two for the fourteenth time.

According to the "Statistical Register," recently issued, there has been a steady increase in the population of South Australia, from 185,626 in 1871 to 279,865 on the census returns day, April 3 of last year. Thirty years ago the total number of inhabitants was scarcely 35,000. The whole area of the land in the thirty-six counties is 37,725,440 acres, of which 9,212,415 have been purchased from the Crown. The public debt has increased from £2,174,000 in 1873 to £9,865,500 at the beginning of 1881. The entire revenue amounts to £2,027,963, derived from land sales, rents, railways, post-office, customs, and general taxation, the customs income alone being £17,631, a little more than one fourth of the sum.

The *Gazette* announces that the Earl of Aberdeen has been appointed her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—The Synod of the United Presbyterian Church opened its sittings in Edinburgh on Monday evening, when Dr. David Young, of Glasgow, was unanimously elected Moderator for the current year.—Under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Macfadyen, of Manchester, there was a very large attendance at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, at the first meeting in connection with the Spring Session (the jubilee commemoration) of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, of Manchester, was elected chairman of the Union for the ensuing year. Dr. Parker was again nominated, but was defeated by a majority of 50.

THE COURT.

Last Saturday was fraught with varied incident for her Majesty. She received the happy intelligence of the safe accouchement of Princess William of Prussia and of the birth of her Majesty's first great-grandson.

With acute grief the Queen received the horrible news of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary, and Mr. Burke, Under-Secretary for Ireland, within a few hours of Lord Frederick's arrival in Dublin. Her Majesty's condolence and sympathy were immediately conveyed to Lady Frederick Cavendish in town.

The much-looked-for Royal visit to Epping Forest was made in the afternoon, amidst the boundless enthusiasm of the denizens of the eastern quarter of the metropolis. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, was met at Chingford railway station by Princess Louise of Lorne and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Details of the proceedings, with illustrations, are given on another page.

Divine service was performed on Sunday in the private chapel of the castle by the Rev. Canon Barry, the Queen and Princess Beatrice being present. Her Majesty and the Princess drove out in the afternoon. Mr. Reginald Brett, M.P., private secretary to the Marquis of Hartington, and Lieutenant Ross of Bladensburg, Coldstream Guards, who arrived from Dublin Castle, had audiences of the Queen; and the Dean of Windsor and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley and General the Right Hon. Sir H. and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby dined with her Majesty.

A congratulatory address from the borough of Windsor on the recent Royal marriage was presented to the Queen on Monday at the castle by the Mayor and Corporation, to which her Majesty, who was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, replied. Other congratulations have also been accepted by the Queen upon the event; and during a recent visit of Princess Louise of Lorne at the castle her Royal Highness presented an address from the women of Canada congratulating her Majesty upon her late preservation from danger. Earl Cowper had an audience of the Queen. Her Majesty's dinner party included Princess Beatrice, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Earl and Countess

Cowper, Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, Colonel Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, and Captain Edwards.

The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, came to Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, being escorted from Paddington by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards. Her Majesty held a Drawing-room, at which were present the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke and Princess Victoria of Hesse, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Frederick William of Hesse, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke Cambridge. It was a large Drawing-room, 300 presentations being made.

Her Majesty held another Drawing-room on Thursday.

A dinner and a ball were given yesterday week at Balmoral Castle to celebrate the Duke of Albany's marriage. Dr. Profeit, her Majesty's Commissioner, presided at the dinner.

Mr. Archer, Agent-General for Queensland, has presented to the Queen, by Earl Spencer, an album containing a record of the visit of Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales to that colony.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have entertained various relatives during the week, including Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and Prince Frederick William of Hesse. The Grand Duke and Princess Victoria of Hesse came from Windsor last Saturday to stay with their Royal Highnesses; the Crown Prince of Denmark being also on a visit at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess, with a large party, have patronised Her Majesty's Theatre to witness the performance of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Their Royal Highnesses and their guests visited Mr. Arthur Lucas's exhibition of pictures commemorative of Sir Francis Drake and his contemporaries, at Messrs. Graves's establishment in Pall-mall, on Monday. The Prince, with the Duke of Teck, was in the House of Commons during the discussion of the mournful facts of the deaths of the Chief and Under Secretaries for Ireland. His Royal Highness and the Princess were among the first who called upon Lady Frederick Cavendish to express their

sympathy. The Prince attended the Queen's Drawing-rooms.

Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales arrived at Beyrouth last Saturday. They were met half an hour's journey from the town by Rustom Pascha, the governor of Lebanon, the principal municipal authorities of Beyrouth, and a battalion of Turkish troops. The Princes were escorted to the British Consulate, where they lunched; after which they embarked in the Bacchante and entertained at dinner Ahmed Bey, aide-de-camp to the Sultan, who had been specially placed by his Majesty at the disposal of their Royal Highnesses. The Bacchante left on Sunday for Athens.

Prince and Princess Christian dined a few days since with the Right Hon. W. H. and Mrs. Smith. His Royal Highness presided at the final meeting of the Frank Buckland Memorial Fund last Saturday at 34, Portland-place.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh dined with the First Lord of the Admiralty and Lady Emma Baring at the Admiralty, Whitehall, on Saturday. Later, there was a small and early party to meet the Duke and Duchess.

The Duchess of Albany has been invested by the Queen with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. The Duchess has appointed, with her Majesty's approval, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Moreton to be Lady of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Bourke and Lady Knightley to be Extra Ladies in Waiting on her.

The Duke of Cambridge dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Vivian on Saturday at their residence in Belgrave-square; and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz dined with Earl and Countess Sydney at their residence in St. James's-square, Cleveland.

Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg have left town for Paris en route for Germany.

Prince Frederick William of Hesse dined at the mess of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen at Arms in St. James's Palace on Tuesday.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers.

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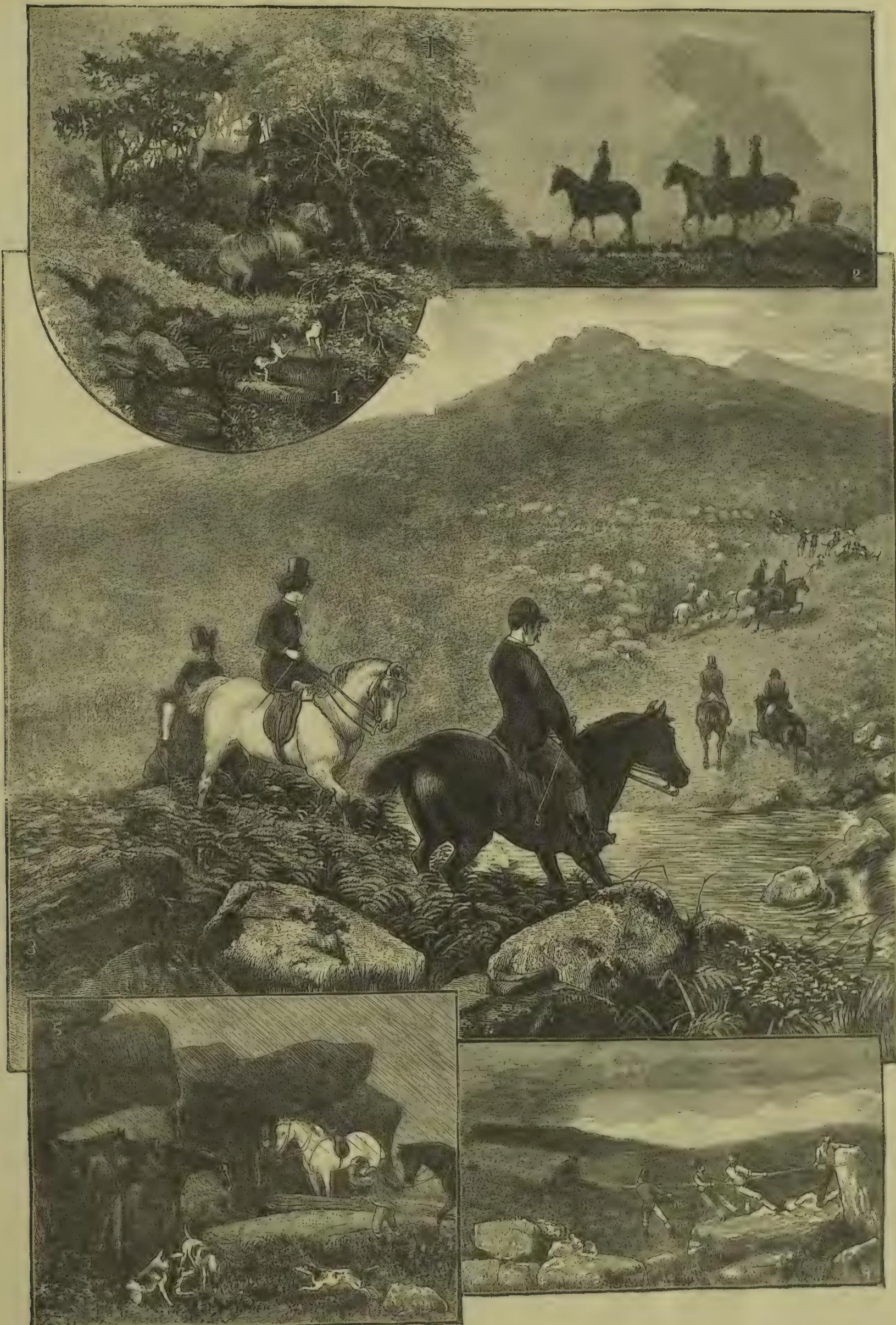
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1. A Check among the old mining shafts.

2. Foggy: Sphinx Tor in the distance.

3. Getting away.

4. A Horse "stogged."

5. A Run for shelter.

THE PARIS SALON.

As is generally the case, public opinion is divided as to the merits of the Salon; one party, and perhaps the more numerous of the two, asserting that it is the best that has been held for some years, while the other deprecates this idea entirely, and affirms with equal confidence that, but for the force with which certain young painters come to the front, the Salon would be more than ordinarily dull and unprofitable.

The truth, almost as a matter of course, lies between the two extremes; and without detracting from the well-won merits of the young men, about whom more presently, our conclusion is that the exhibition, even in their absence, would have been a fair average one.

The number of works on view amounts in all to 5641, and these, our readers will please to remember, include painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, lithography, die-sinking, gem-engraving, and the like. This is in excess of last year by as many as 682 exhibits; and, although the committee of artists into whose hands the Government have placed the entire administration of the Salon, have widened their borders, they have not relaxed one iota in the rigour with which every work claiming admission was examined. The system has been in operation for two years, and now that the initiatory friction is gone it seems to work well.

At the top of the grand staircase is placed the most remarkable mural work in the exhibition—remarkable for its size (it is quite seventy feet long); for the light key in which it is painted (doubtless not to disturb its architectural surroundings in its final resting-place at Amiens), and for the quiet idyllic treatment of its subject. It is entitled "Young Picards Practising Throwing the Lance." On a long level stretch of ground, with some thatched dwellings on the extreme left, before which the women attend to their domestic duties, while the children play about; and, with some poplars and other trees intervening, the stump of an old tree on the extreme right, which serves as a target, we see the youth of the neighbourhood exercising themselves with the lance. Immediately beyond is a placid lake, and the whole scene is indicative of quiet enjoyment.

There is, says Victor Hugo, human nature, and there is French nature; and we cannot help thinking that, in this case at least, M. Puvis de Chavannes, the author of this noble work, has abjured the latter and stuck manfully and loyally by human nature. It is in this that the great merit of his work lies, and there is little doubt but it will command the highest honour which it is in the power of the jury to confer. We noticed, with emphatic commendation, when it occupied the same place as a cartoon, and we are glad to find our opinion confirmed, now that it comes before us in quiet unobtrusive colour.

Those curious in the personal appearance of great artists will find an admirable life-size portrait of him by Léon Bonnat, and in spite of the touch of grey which time has given his beard will rejoice to discover that he is still a vigorous upstanding man. There are many other notable portraits in the exhibition, of which more by-and-by: it will suffice to remark in the meantime that the honours in this department of art are not monopolised by Frenchmen.

Entering the *Salon Carré*, we have on our right an immense canvas, on which we see depicted a scene eminently dramatic, by Joseph Wenzler. From a lofty pulpit we behold Saint Chrysostom, in white surplice, thundering with impassioned voice and gesture against the Empress Eudoxia, who, surrounded by the ladies of her startled Court, sits supremely defiant in a high recessed gallery, or alcove, while the red-robed cardinals below, and the general congregation in the immediate front of the picture, express in their various ways their surprise and horror at the audacity of the preacher. It is in this especially that the artist shows his power. The colouring is befittingly sober and low-toned; but the reds in the picture strike the eye rather crudely and harshly. The attitude of the priest himself is simply magnificent.

The pendant to this hangs opposite, and is similarly portentous in size. It represents a tumultuously joyous celebration of "the 14th July, 1880." On the extreme left is a raised orchestra, and, all under a bright summer sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, old and young, rich and poor, enjoy themselves with Parisian hilarity. The scene is altogether brilliant and life-like; but, though there is palpable unity of sentiment, there is scarcely unity of composition and arrangements; and no doubt the artist, A. P. Roll, was justified in making the most prominent figure in the foreground a merry little *gamin* selling appropriate favours. Carlo Stratta, of Turin, in depicting a similar scene of jollity, is scarcely so vivid in colour, perhaps; but he has been more fortunate in composition, inasmuch as, in his "Carnival at Villiers-le-Bel," he makes the clown gesticulating from the platform the focal figure of the crowd.

Another large canvas remarkable for concentrated force is by J. Ulysse-Roy, of Bordeaux. It represents Amurath the Second, mounted on a great black, rearing charger, grasping a banner in one hand and hurling threatening and slaughter with the other against the Christians for the death of his comrade, who, with his white horse, lies at his feet.

Opposite this hangs a large upright picture representing some peasants praying devoutly at one of those lofty crucifixes so familiar to us at French ports. We see the jetty running out into the sea, and far to the left sail away, under a rather threatening sky, the ship containing those they hold so dear, and for whom they now pray with such fervent emotion. The artist is G. Haquette, and he studied under both Millet and Cabanel. Max Leenhart has depicted for us with painful realism the stir and horror caused by a "Village Murder"; while Maurice Leloir, more loyal to the ultimate ends of art, shows a merry music party in a boat.

Then in the way of high-class landscape we have the "Close of Autumn," by L. Loir, the "Borders of a Wooded Lake," with cows and sheep, by E. V. Hareux; a small picture by a Spanish painter named Sanchez-Perrier, showing the "last leaves" of autumn, which for delicacy and truth we think worthy of Corot; a larger and more important one, by L. V. Watelin, showing a grey road leading through a green landscape towards a village; a very lively and faithful "Port of Saint Bernard, Paris," by P. L. L. Vauthier; and a no less faithfully treated "Spring-Time," by Ernest A. Waterlow.

Englishmen, indeed, or at least English-speaking men, by which phrase, of course, we include our cousins of the United States, have rather distinguished themselves in the present exhibition. The "Dancing Gipsy Woman" of John S. Sargent, who is of American parentage, though born in Florence, is, perhaps, the most forcible picture in the Velasquez direction in the whole exhibition; and, if his being a foreigner will hinder his taking the highest medal, it need not prevent his being decorated with the Legion of Honour. Then there are the Brothers Harrison, William Stott, John R. Reid, Robert Macbeth, L. Welden Hawkins, Alexander Mann, not to mention the men from Eastern Europe, such as the Poles, Sydonisky, Szydler, Bakalowicz, and the men of other

nationalities, who have helped to give distinction to the present Salon. About these and others we hope to have the opportunity of saying a few words next week. J. F. R.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF CHAMPIGNY.

The eminent painters Messrs. De Neuville and Detaille have combined to paint one of the most striking panoramas of the many that have hitherto been produced. It represents the Battle of Champigny, which was fought some nine miles from Paris in December, 1870, and which, in its earlier phase, gave the French a gleam of hope. The chief point of interest lies in a battered lime-mill, in which a crowd of German soldiers are hemmed, and holding up the butt-end of their guns in token of surrender. It is a raw, grey winter's day, and all the sickening and heroic details of an extended battle-field are given with the most startling realisation. The Gardes Mobiles fight gallantly side by side with their comrades of the Line, while, in other parts of the field, we see the brotherhood and the surgeons fulfilling their functions with equal devotion. An old grey horse, standing by his upturned cart at the corner of a small ploughed field as quietly and unconcernedly as if there were no bullets whistling through the air and he were located in his own native meadow, is one of the most touching incidents in the whole panorama. It was thrown open to the public on Monday, and is situated in the Rue de Berri, a few yards off the Avenue des Champs Elysées.

THE HARRIER WEEK ON DARTMOOR.

In almost every other part of the country the "currant jelly dogs" have had their last run before the first of May, which is the date fixed for the beginning of the harrier week on Dartmoor. Great interest is taken in the sport, and large numbers of people attend, often as many as four hundred being present at a meet. Dartmoor affords a splendid country, both for hunting and also for the spectators, as, from the tops of some of the higher tors, it is often possible to witness the whole of a run. In some respects, indeed, the foot people have the best of it, as a rider occasionally finds himself in an awkward fix. He is often stopped by a bog, and, should he not pull up in time, his horse is apt to become a fixture, often sinking in up to his girths, and sometimes even further. He must then be fairly dragged out with ropes, and it is singular how promptly a countryman or two turn up on the spot, ready to earn an honest penny by assisting in this labour. Sometimes two or three horses get stogged—to use the local term—simultaneously, and these misfortunes, though vexatious enough to the luckless riders, afford plenty of amusement to the lookers-on.

THE ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY TUNNEL.

The ceremonial and festivities attending the completion of this great work, and the opening of the line to public traffic, attract a great number of visitors; and our illustrations of the romantic Alpine scenery, and of the workmen employed in the construction of the tunnel, will be viewed with some interest. The St. Gotthard Tunnel is 14,900 mètres long, being 2667 mètres more than that of Mont Cenis. It runs in a straight line from the village of Göschenen, on the Swiss side, to the Italian frontier locality of Airolo, placing Lucerne and Milan in communication by rail. The works were begun in October, 1872, and have extended over a period of ten years. The St. Gotthard Tunnel, which has been largely subsidised by the German Government, is to Germany, for communication with Italy, what the Mont Cenis is to France. Henceforth Germany will be independent of France for traffic with Italy. From a commercial point of view the importance of this work can scarcely be overrated. Apart from the enormous increase of local trade which may safely be reckoned upon, the new Alpine tunnel will be the most advantageous route to Italy, the Mediterranean, and the East for passengers and goods coming from England, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. It is thought in Switzerland that the overland mail will take this road in preference to Mont Cenis, which is worked partly by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Company and partly by an Italian company.

We learn from a report by M. Bridel, Engineer-in-chief to the St. Gotthard Railway, that the traffic through the tunnel is worked at present by two 12-ton tank engines, intended ultimately to work the branch line from Cadenazzo to Locarno, which is seven and a-half miles long, and has a ruling gradient of 1 in 528. These two engines are found quite powerful enough for the work at present being done. They take four trains each way through the tunnel during each twenty-four hours, and the ventilation is found to be very good. M. Bridel estimates the number of travellers for January as 3277, for February as 4300, and for March as 9100, and that about thirty trains per day will traverse the tunnel, but he is casting about for a substitute for the ordinary engine. He tried a compressed-air engine, which did not answer; and he has now turned his attention to electricity. He has communicated with Messrs. Siemens, and they have arranged for a small experimental apparatus, very similar to that employed in the Berlin Electric Railway. Each dynamo engine is to be of about 100 indicated horse-power, and two, three, or more are to be attached to each train, as required. In case the scheme does not succeed, the loss will amount to 80,000f. only, Messrs. Siemens taking the plant off the hands of the railway company.

EXHIBITION OF SHIP-BUILDING MODELS.

The exhibition opened in Fishmongers' Hall last week, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, was got up by the Shipwrights' Company of the City of London, but the Admiralty and the naval authorities of different countries, as well as private ship-builders, contributed to the large collection of models. A similar exhibition was held by this company in 1877, also in the hall of the Fishmongers' Company, when prizes were competed for by British naval architects only. The present exhibition has invited universal competition, and its invitation has been widely responded to. There were models and designs of vessels of all classes, both for peace and war, as well as ships of historical interest. From the national collection at the Hague, from Norway, France, the United States, and elsewhere interesting contributions had been sent. From the Naval Museum at Greenwich, by the kindness of the Lords of the Admiralty, among others, models of the Royal Sovereign, a vessel of the time of James I., and of Nelson's flag-ship the Victory, had been lent; while Norway had contributed a model of the Viking ship, 1000 years old. The King of the Netherlands had appointed one of the Dutch Admirals to represent his Majesty, and Russia, Japan, and Norway had also appointed delegates.

An account of the public income and expenditure of the United Kingdom for the year ended March 31, 1882, has been issued as a Parliamentary paper. From this it appears that the income was £85,822,581, and the expenditure £85,472,556.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

ORIGIN AND MIGRATION OF MYTHS.

Dr. Edward B. Tylor, F.R.S., in his third lecture on the History of Customs and Beliefs, given on Tuesday, the 2nd instant, commented on the metaphorical and fancy keys devised to account for and interpret myths, which, though of a somewhat intangible character, have exercised an important influence upon the lives and fortunes of men. Referring to the classic story of Andromeda chained to the rock, and her rescue by Perseus, which has been interpreted as the Sun delivering the Dawn from a Storm Cloud, he adduced examples in favour of his opinion that this myth might have its origin in facts, and that in this and other cases there was no necessity to have recourse to cosmical phenomena for their source. He mentioned instances of the exposure of women to the sea and its monsters in the South Seas. The Greek myth of the Symplegades, the two rocks which were said to clash together and destroy the ships passing between them, from which the ship Argo narrowly escaped. The exposition of these rocks signifying the gates of night and day; and the migration of the myth into India, and its existence in Buddhist legends, were specially commented on. The origin of the popular division of the world into four quarters, and the four cardinal points of the compass were next considered, and, among other interesting illustrations, reference was made to a picture found in Central America, which was explained to record the arrival of four great chiefs who came from different quarters to colonise Yucatan. After protesting against the too great application of ingenuity and analogy in tracing the history of myths, Dr. Tylor concluded with comments on the very general traditions respecting a deluge, of which he had collected and classified a very great number of examples; and he demonstrated that a great many supposed ancient legends found amongst savage nations were really derived from missionaries and other Europeans and dressed up by native imaginations to suit their own tastes.

PROPERTIES OF THE METALS.

Professor Dewar, in his third lecture, given on Thursday, the 4th inst., resumed his explanations of the physical properties of the metals, by illustrations of their specific heat, and of its relation to their specific weight or gravity. This has been reduced to a law, which has been found to hold good with all the metals—the unit being the amount of heat required to raise one pound of water one degree of temperature. To this law gallium and other newly-discovered metals have been found to conform; but not the elements carbon, boron, and silicon. The Professor then described several methods of detecting and graduating extremely minute variations of temperature; including the calorimeter employed by Laplace and Lavoisier, based upon ascertaining the exact amount of heat required to melt a certain quantity of ice; and the improvements upon this method introduced by Herschel, Bunsen, and Andrews, by which means a very delicate thermometric apparatus has been produced, applicable to a great variety of purposes. Its principle consists in the very accurate determination of volume, which was experimentally illustrated. The Professor next showed how the gases in the interior of a flame might be extracted and analysed, and demonstrated that all ordinary flames produced not only carbonic acid and water, but also the hydrocarbon acetylene, the source of all the coal-tar colours, and which was also an important reducing agent in metallurgy. He also showed how the gases might be drawn off from the electric arc, in which was formed, by decomposition of the air, prussic or hydrocyanic acid, a cyanogen compound.

PROPER MOTIONS OF THE STARS.

Professor R. Grant, F.R.S., of the Observatory, Glasgow, gave the discourse at the evening meeting on Friday, the 5th inst. He began with remarks on the general aspect of the heavens on a clear night, and allusions to the movements of the planets as distinguished from the other stars, which from their always retaining their relative position to each other have been termed "fixed stars." That these bodies have a movement of their own, termed their "proper motion," was not proved till after the invention of the telescope, which gave such a great impetus to astronomical research. In 1717 Edmund Halley determined the proper motion of three stars; and the important discoveries of Bradley in regard to the aberration of light verified the results obtained by Halley. In relation to this matter, Professor Grant described the interesting phenomena of the occultation of the moon, and the way astronomers have been able to determine the rate of the proper motion of many of the stars, and the time in which it takes place. He also described how, by means of the law of gravitation, the heavenly bodies may be weighed, and stated that the greater stars appear to have a small, and the smaller stars a large proper motion. Our sun being a star, has also been proved to have a proper motion. After remarks upon variable stars, which gradually lose their brightness, become invisible, and afterwards reappear, Professor Grant explained how the spectroscopic researches of Sir G. B. Airy, Mr. Huggins, and others, have, in a very remarkable manner, verified the discoveries of Halley and his successors. We are now on firm ground, on the brink of the unknown, hoping for good results from unremitting observations.

HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.

Mr. Frederick Pollock, M.A., LL.D., began his third lecture, given on Saturday last, with further remarks on the absolutist doctrines propounded by Hobbes; and then commented on the opinions of the English theorists of the next generation of these works. Locke's "Treatise on Civil Government" was really a political apology for the revolution of 1688. The Divine right of kings had to be confuted, though it only dated from the time of James I. His way had been prepared by Hooker. He assumed political society to be founded to preserve property originally created by man's labour. Each member resigns his natural power as far as is needful for that purpose. Locke held that absolute monarchy is not civil society at all. The sovereignty of the State is limited to the purposes of incorporation, and the preservation of lives, liberties, and estates. The dissolution of Government is the dissolution of society. The Bill of Rights, the most important document since Magna Charta, faces the question of the positive legality of the revolution, and was accepted by William and Mary. Mr. Pollock then commented on Rousseau's doctrine, at once popular and dogmatic, of the "social contract," in which the individual surrenders himself entirely to "the sovereign people;" with unlimited power, yet subject to general law. A Government is subject to the people, which cannot govern directly. "The declaration of the rights of man" mainly emanated from Rousseau. After remarks on Blackstone's improvements on Locke's doctrines regarding the state of nature, the origin of sovereignty, and the powers of Parliament, remarks were made on Montesquieu, termed the father of the historical method, who collected and compared important facts as evidence, and had enlightened views respecting English institutions. The lecture concluded with remarks upon Burke, who, in his abhorrence of the French Revolution, demonstrated the errors of the social contract, but did not propound any idea of a political system.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THIRD NOTICE.

Still following the order of the catalogue (but with the intention of reserving some works for future notice), we reach the very remarkable battle-piece, by R. C. Woodville, "Maiwand: Saving the Guns" (567). It is well that our disasters should be put before us, as well as our triumphs. Besides, more true courage is often displayed in the retreat than in the onslaught; and the gallant manner in which our guns were saved in that otherwise disgraceful discomfiture deserved commemoration. The spirit, or rather the fire and energy, the vivid conception, the skill in representing men and horses in every conceivable attitude, shown in this elaborate composition are surprising. The whole has an air of *vraisemblance* that could scarcely have been surpassed had the young painter actually witnessed the scene. In this respect he approaches nearer to De Neuville than any other English artist. With commendation of "The Slain Enemy" (578), a well-painted picture by Heywood Hardy, we pause at H. Motte's very ingenious "Geese of the Capitol" (582), with the assailants mounted, acrobat fashion, on each other's shoulders in three tiers, in their attempt to scale the walls of the Capitol—a work that had already figured at the *Salon*. John Faed's picture (594) of a poet sleeping while the sky is peopled with the creations of his "dream" is—not the less that the whole is rendered with infinite pains—one of those semi-realistic semi-supernatural subjects which rarely touch the imagination. We would mention here, with an apology for having omitted it before, Mr. Thomas Faed's "There's a Little Lady! On with her Cloak!" (241), in the great room—a humble Scotch interior subject, distinguished by much of his well-known ability. "The Banquet" (609), by J. D. Linton, is the best of the series of six pictures illustrating the fortunes of a soldier of the sixteenth century hitherto exhibited. The tables are spread before a screen wall hung with garlands; the Prince and Princess sit under a canopy, with the victor at their side; and the dignitaries of the State and guests are ranged in order; the musicians are to the left, and a dancing-girl is in front. The banquet is *al fresco*, in the manner of Paul Veronese; and the painter has happily avoided the blackness of preceding works. Each face is a complete study of character, and the colouring is artistic in no mean degree. The composition, however, is a little stiff, and the figures seem to lack some connecting links of gesture and expression; yet this is one of the most considerable pictorial achievements of the year. "The Favourite, 1566" (628), by Seymour Lucas, is also a great advance. If we miss some of the refinement of the last-named work, the equable fulness of the colouring, the strength of the effect, the unlaboured execution, and the intelligent telling of the story, form an acceptable substitute. The "favourite" is Leicester, clad in white satin doublet and trunk hose, who, with dubious expression, is descending steps, after an audience with the Queen, conducting to an antechamber, where a group of courtiers eye him askance with varied expressions of envy and hatred. "Prince Edward VI. and his Whipping Boy" (649) is a promising picture by W. S. Stacey—a name new to us.

Entering the next room, the picture that first arrests attention is J. Griffiths' "Ayanta Caves, A.D. 600," which, at least, has the recommendation of novelty of subject. "The Last of his Race" (676), by C. Calthrop—a noble ruminating in a mediæval interior, with parchment deeds strewing the parqueted floor, is as well painted but will hardly be as popular as his "Here they are!" (129)—a couple of gay bachelors in costumes of the last century finding their *cheres amies* in a seat in Hampton Court Palace Gardens. "Homeward" (682), a rocky torrent bed with a girl carrying a lamb to the fording place, is one of Mr. Ilker's many powerful works of the year, which, perhaps, present their climax in the portrait of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, in the next room (787). "Merry as the Day is Long" (711) and another picture of rustic life, by F. Morgan, only want a little qualification of their too positive colouring, and too equal impasto, to be excellent of their kind. "Distance" can scarcely be said to "lend enchantment to the view," in K. Halswell's "Three Counties, from Wetham Hill, Petersfield" (722). The scene is striking, and the execution skilful, but the whole is hard, and the distance lacks aerial perspective. Mr. Crofts has another elaborate illustration of the Battle of Waterloo, the scene being this time "At the Farm of Mont St. Jean," with the wounded in the foreground, artillery, Guards, and Highlanders advancing, or held in reserve, and Wellington and his staff on the crest of the hill in the middle distance. Examined in detail, there is much to commend; the groups and figures are well studied and appropriate; but the composition requires concentration or connection. "In the Evening there shall be Light" (737) is the title of a large and fine landscape by Mr. Leader, representing a flood of yellow light from a half-cleared sky just after sundown irradiating the scene and gilding the tombs of a churchyard in the foreground.

Passing into the next room, the first work of importance is "A Messenger of Good Tidings: News of Relief to Florence in 1496," in illustration of "Romola" (767), by F. W. W. Topham. It is a capable and good realisation of the subject; but the expressions, as in some previous works, seem constrained and peculiar. "Music o'er the Water" (773), an old Scotchman playing a fiddle in a boat, by Hamilton Macallum, is noticeable chiefly for the admirable rendering of sunlight on the thousand twinkling wavelets of the sea. "The Happy Valley" (779), a large landscape by F. Walton, has considerable merit, but is somewhat monotonous and vapid. The portrait of Sir Stafford Northcote (780), by Mr. Long, can scarcely be considered happy; evidently the painter is in technicalities not at his best this year. Mr. Gow, in No. 786, represents a number of Jacobites in pink, assembled, under pretext of hunting, in a secluded hollow to hear a Stuart "Proclamation" read. The grouping is capital; but why does the painter select such ill-favoured types? In this instance, there is hardly a gentleman among the lot. "The Wounded Stag" (793), by C. E. Johnson, is a large and telling, but essentially common-place, landscape. The vista of the north rooms is closed by Sir John Gilbert's "Fight for the Standard" (813)—a mass of men and horses, with the customary picturesque costumes, accoutrements, and trappings struggling in inextricable confusion. We much prefer, however, as a composition, more especially for its colouring, Sir John's "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together" (321)—a rustic dance and merry-making, from which an aged crone is limping away sad and lonely. Mr. Eyre Crowe has lighted on a capital subject in "The Defence of London in 1643" (840) by the Parliamentary forces; but what has happened to the painter that he should conceive our ancestors to have been such hideous, ill-made mannikins as he has depicted them, and that he should restrict his palette to hues so leaden, opaque, and inartistic? There is nothing in the exhibition more skilful in all manipulative qualities, more brilliant in colour, or more fertile in resource and clever in working out the theme than "The Queen of the Revels" (882), by the Florentine painter F. Vinea. The scene is an inn, with a large party of roistering troopers, in costumes of the seventeenth century,

who have elevated a serving-girl to the top of a huge wine vat, surrounded by empty *flaschi*, and are toasting her to sound of clarion and beat of drum, amid infinite jest and merriment. We may regret that so much talent should be expended on such a subject, but there is no denying that in the trained ability here displayed our own painters of *genre* are woefully deficient. We may pretend to depreciate the value of technical expression; but without it no subject, however well conceived, however good in indicated intention, can take high rank as art. Mr. Charlton's picture of a pack of hounds on "A Hot Scent" (853) is a spirited piece of animal-painting.

In Room XI., the last containing oil-paintings, we come upon two more works by H. W. B. Davis—"Broken Weather in the Highlands" (1457) and "Showers in June" (1463)—but they call for no further praise than has already been given to the painter's "In Ross-shire." Close observation, careful completeness, thorough draughtsmanship and modelling of the animals, and more than usual richness of colour will be found in all. Yet all have a certain "tightness," as artist's say, or finality, and scarcely rise above the prosaic in art. The portrait of the late Charles Darwin (1465), by J. Collier, is one of the best in the exhibition, and should have had a place on the "line." It is full of character, yet unforced, unmannered, and unconventional. A portrait of Professor Monier Williams (1498), by W. W. Ouless, is also excellent, and one of the artist's best works. "Siesta in a Mosque" (1499), by T. Ralli, comes near Gérôme in its delicate precision. Exigences of space restrict us to simple mention of J. W. Waterhouse's "Diogenes" (1515); Colin Hunter's "Waiting for the Homeward Bound" (1520), in which, effective as it is, the tendency to paintiness is again perceptible; and "Buying and Selling on the Rialto" (1530), by W. Logsdail, in which, as in others here, the artist is slowly adding something of Italian colouring to the powerful but rather sombre realism he acquired in the Antwerp school.

Some pictures, especially those by known artists, not yet reviewed, together with the sculpture, drawings, &c., we must reserve for future notice.

NEW BOOKS.

Scholars, as it is the fashion to term certain persons who are believed to be familiarly conversant with the dead languages, will be delighted with *Bentley*: by R. C. Jebb, M.A., LL.D. Edin. (Macmillan and Co.), a volume of the very useful, interesting, and, it is to be hoped, popular "English Men of Letters"; but it is not unlikely that the ordinary English reader will wonder inwardly what right the great critic of Latin and Greek has to be included among the stars of English literature, and may be inclined, accordingly, to pass the book by or regard it with lukewarm feelings. This would be a great pity, however excusable it might be. For, although Bentley may have contributed little or nothing to purely English literature beyond his "Boyle Lectures" and his deplorable edition of "Paradise Lost," the story of his life is well worth reading, and the labours he achieved in the field of classical criticism were assuredly not without results which affected more or less nearly the estimate formed, both at home and abroad, of the position attained by English men of letters, and which gave rise to discussions concerning the English language itself. When it is once granted that Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in spite of a sentence of deprivation, for about forty-two years, is properly admitted into the category in which he has found a place, the question arises to whom the task of depicting him and his work would have been most fittingly confided; and echo, with a singular disregard of the usual practice observed by echoes, answers "Jebb," the very gentleman, fortunately, who has undertaken the subject. Let readers, therefore, attack the volume in the full assurance that they will find in it a biographical and critical dissertation of a very high order, such as might be expected from a most accomplished scholar, who would be sure to treat the memory of Bentley in an appreciative and even sympathetic spirit. Not indeed that all accomplished scholars can be trusted to free their minds of prejudice, for there was once a great Greek scholar, celebrated as the most successful "coach" at one of our chief Universities, who invariably omitted Bentley from the list of worthies produced by Cambridge. "Bentley," he would say with a sigh and a shake of the head, when he was reminded of the omission, "was certainly a perfect giant, but I always ignore him because he adulterated the beer at Trinity." This charge of adulteration is not discussed by Professor Jebb, but the masterful way in which Bentley dealt with the college is handled with sufficient thoroughness.

Desultory reading, sometimes of an agreeable as well as interesting and instructive kind, is provided in the two volumes entitled *Recreations of a Literary Man*: by Percy Fitzgerald (Chatto and Windus), though the title may excite an expectation of something very different from the entertainment afforded. The author's reminiscences of Charles Dickens, which, by the ingenious use of correspondence wherein the great humourist and others connected with him by various ties are more or less conspicuously concerned, are made to extend over many pages, form, perhaps, the most attractive portions of the two volumes. Next to them, in point of attractiveness, may be placed a description of the huge reading-room at the British Museum and a discussion of certain questions appertaining thereto. Then there are some very amusing and even touching stories about dogs which have from time to time belonged to the author. But there is very little indeed of such discourse as the title of the book would lead an ingenuous reader to anticipate. In fact, it is doubtful, to judge from the contents of the two volumes and from the sub-title, which is "Does Writing Pay?" whether the author's ideas of recreation include anything that does not bring grist to the mill or that entails any sort of personal expenditure. His revelations as regards "bookmaking" and the artifices whereby a literary man can make his vocation profitable are almost astounding. It is quite clear that such a literary man as the author has in his mind must never for a moment lose sight of the main chance, but must conduct himself continually in the spirit of a born "bagman." There is something almost cynical in the candour with which the author expounds his method of proceeding, whence, it is to be presumed from his tone and from his figures, he has sucked out no mean advantage, has found a way, indeed, to make writing "pay." Of course the literary man who would succeed as he has apparently succeeded, in a pecuniary point of view, must have talent, as he certainly has, and must employ it, as he certainly has employed it, as if it were leather or any other article of merchandise. It seems that the best way to begin is to look out for some eminent literary personage, who is known to be engaged upon some work in which research is required, to send him gratuitously a carefully prepared collection of facts and notes and what not, which cannot fail to be useful to him, and so obtain from him an influential recommendation, which will at once establish you in the good graces of some editor conducting a flourishing

periodical. If you should be so fortunate as to render assistance to a "harbitrary cove," such as the cabman considered the late Mr. John Forster, who "was a man not to be trifled with," and who would request that his young friend's manuscript should "be seen to at once and set up in type" in the most popular periodical of the day, you may consider that you are well started on the road towards a moderate competency, at least, if you have our author's views as well as abilities. What those views are may be gathered from a few of his "confessions," as Rousseau might have called them. "I have travelled a great deal," says he, "but never at my own cost: rather to exceeding profit." This was managed, of course, by turning the trips to account, either on previous agreement or by a subsequent lucky venture, for a series of articles. Again he says, explaining an "original device," of which he is evidently proud: "On this principle I lately issued a three-volume novel which was itself a continuous story, and yet was composed of all the short humorous stories I had written during the past dozen years." To proceed deliberately in this fashion is certainly ingenious, but it is not literature: "it is magnificent, but it is not war." One can hardly conceive that we should have had so many great writers of fiction, if they had all adopted this "original device." Once more, he says, speaking of the advantages a "moderately successful author" possesses: "In nine cases out of ten, application to any of the London managers secures you a gratuitous stall. For years I have been a constant playgoer on these easy terms. So that now, when on a rare occasion I have to pay for a stall, it seems to border on a cruel imposition, as though the money had been taken from me unfairly. Such is the force of habit," a habit, some of us may think, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." However, the author will sometimes gladly do literary work, if he likes it, at a loss, and therein he shows the true man of letters. He evidently thinks, and indeed says, that, without introductions, it is next to impossible to make writing "pay," with very rare exceptions; and he is probably quite right. For himself, he has done well as a novelist, a dramatist, an article-writer, and a "book-maker;" and of his work in the last capacity the two volumes under consideration are a fair example. Let it be acknowledged, in conclusion, that they are furnished with an index.

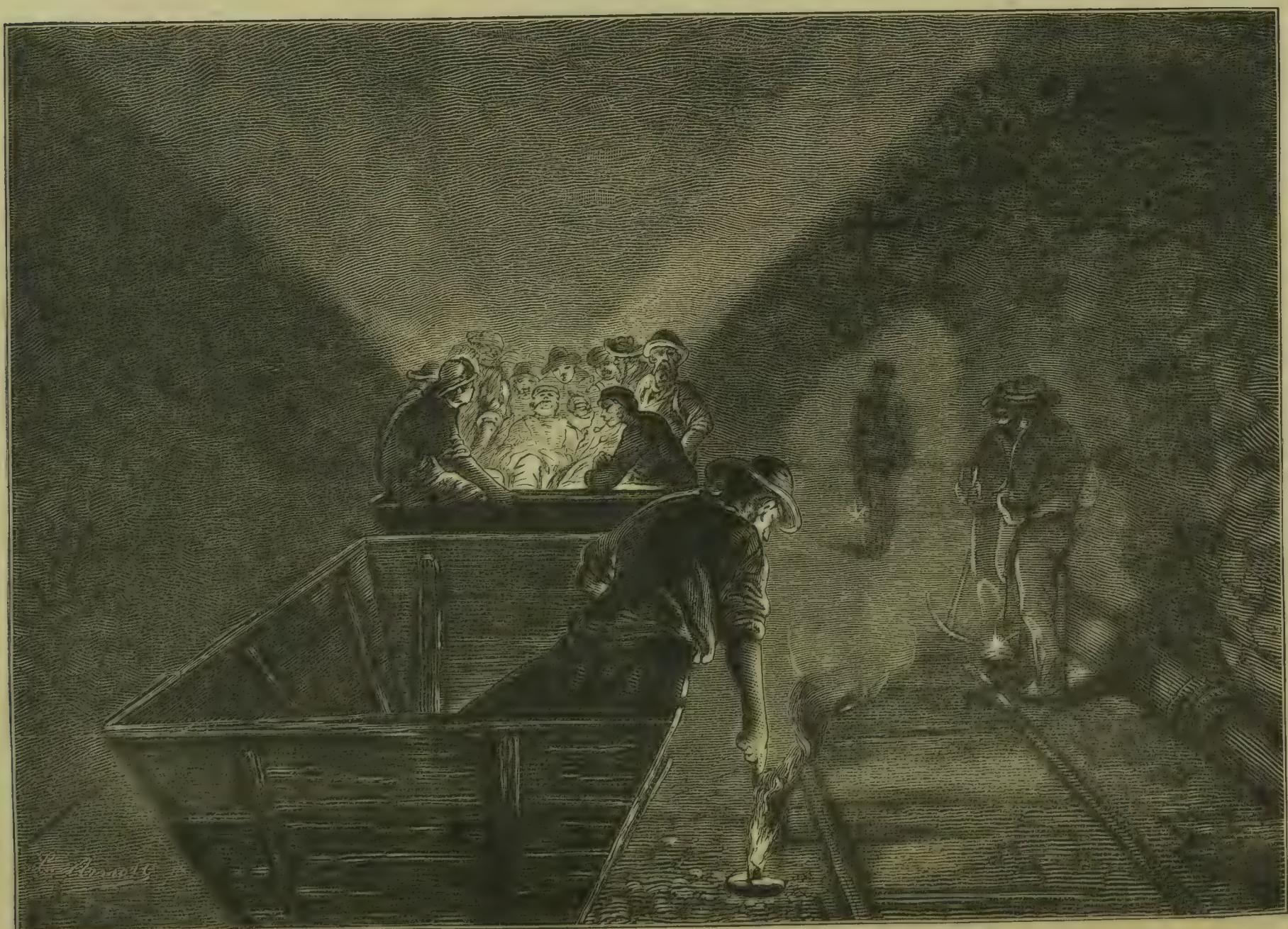
Tunis is a name which cannot be pronounced without wakening a long train of thought, and carrying the mind back to a past, dim, certainly, with the dust of ages, but vivid with many records of its past glories and struggles. Fragile no doubt some of the written records are, and perplexing some of the architectural remains; but they are, nevertheless, the evidences that there has been a substantial past. The lately-published *Tunis, the Land and the People*, by the Chevalier de Warteg (Chatto and Windus), does not, however, deal with the interests of bygone generations, which generations are no doubt, to many readers of to-day, mingled in one confused mass; nor does the author dwell on the archaeological curiosities, as the latter, he says, "have been repeatedly described"—indeed, better described than excavated; but the book relates to the present condition of Tunis, its towns, districts, and people, and cannot be too highly commended, for the interesting details given in a thoroughly concise and intelligent manner. In the more modern houses are to be found marble monoliths with splendid capitals, Roman stones with inscriptions and sculptures, parts of columns, evidently taken from Carthage, which was such a fruitful field to the Tunisians that, in the words of the author, "if Tunis were to be destroyed, her ruins would be the ruins of Carthage." There are, however, to be remarked a number of modern ruins of palaces, masterpieces of art; and still newer buildings in which the French style predominates in an obtrusive and unpleasant way; and this curious sight is due to a strange custom prevailing in Tunis—namely, that no reigning Bey lives in a palace where a former Bey has died, and as no Bey has preferred the patriotic but disagreeable alternative of being carried into the streets to die, there are more than a dozen palaces in Tunis to-day which cannot be used. Religious intolerance is a striking characteristic of the Tunisians. One instance showing this strongly is given by the author. A German lady, while sketching a group of houses, received the painful baptism of the contents of a bottle of vitriol thrown over her by a fanatic who laboured under the impression she was drawing a mosque. The chapter devoted to the Tunisian Army and Navy throws a great deal of light on the non-preparation of future soldiers and the general mismanagement and neglect of measures for the defence of the country. The poverty of the officers and soldiers is great, and may be imagined from the fact that the Chevalier's doceur of three francs to a major of infantry was received with gratitude, and the dragoman had suggested his giving even a smaller sum. The sentry on duty carried a broom-handle with a bayonet fixed on the top, and, being unable to present arms with it, he simply laid it aside and put his hand to his fez in order to salute. All this is strange to British ideas. The state of the Navy is a further shock; for a third of a page suffices for an ample statement of its force, efficiency, and combative properties. The monotony of so-called society amongst Orientals is very graphically detailed; and, in pleasing contrast to this monotony, comes the description of public life in the bazaars, which "can be contemplated for hours without fatigue or flagging interest;" and in these bazaars is to be seen all that ever is seen of the life of Tunisian women. So strict is the seclusion of the females that the Chevalier was obliged to found his sketch of their dress, occupations, and life in the harem on the observations of a lady friend, and the only vision of Oriental beauty which he came across was that of apparently decrepit old women, to which type all Moorish womankind is reduced by their being so strictly veiled and enveloped in shawls that the tips of their fingers are scarcely visible. It is hardly necessary to touch on the many other points of interest in this publication, which cannot fail to win the good opinion of intelligent readers; but it is impossible to conclude without mentioning the chapters which relate to the Jews and their customs, to the great watering-place Goletta, with which is associated the story of Dido; for is not the modern seaside place built on part of the piece of land of world-wide notoriety which she bought? Nor is that part of the book less interesting which relates more directly to provincial life and mannerisms.

Lady Frances Evelyn Bertie, daughter of Lord Abingdon, took the black veil last week at the Convent of the Visitation of the Holy Mary, at Westbury-on-Trym, Gloucestershire, in the presence of numerous relatives, including Lord Norreys.

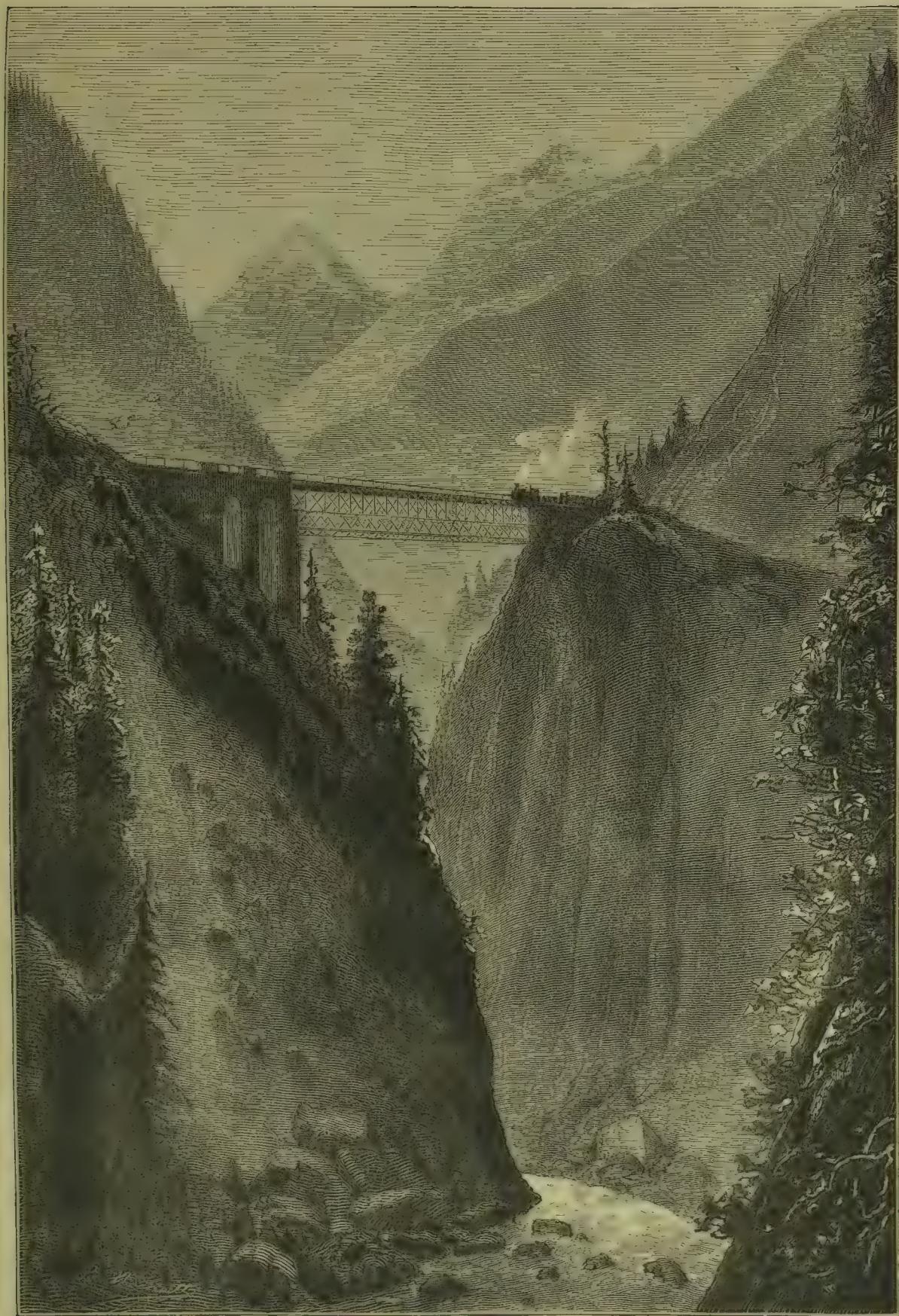
There was a meeting of the members of the Reform Club on Thursday week to discuss the existing method of electing members. A motion, proposed by Lord Hartington, and strongly supported by Mr. Bright and Lord Granville, declaring it desirable to place the election of members in the hands of a committee in place of being by ballot of the whole club was carried, on a show of hands, but was eventually referred to a ballot.



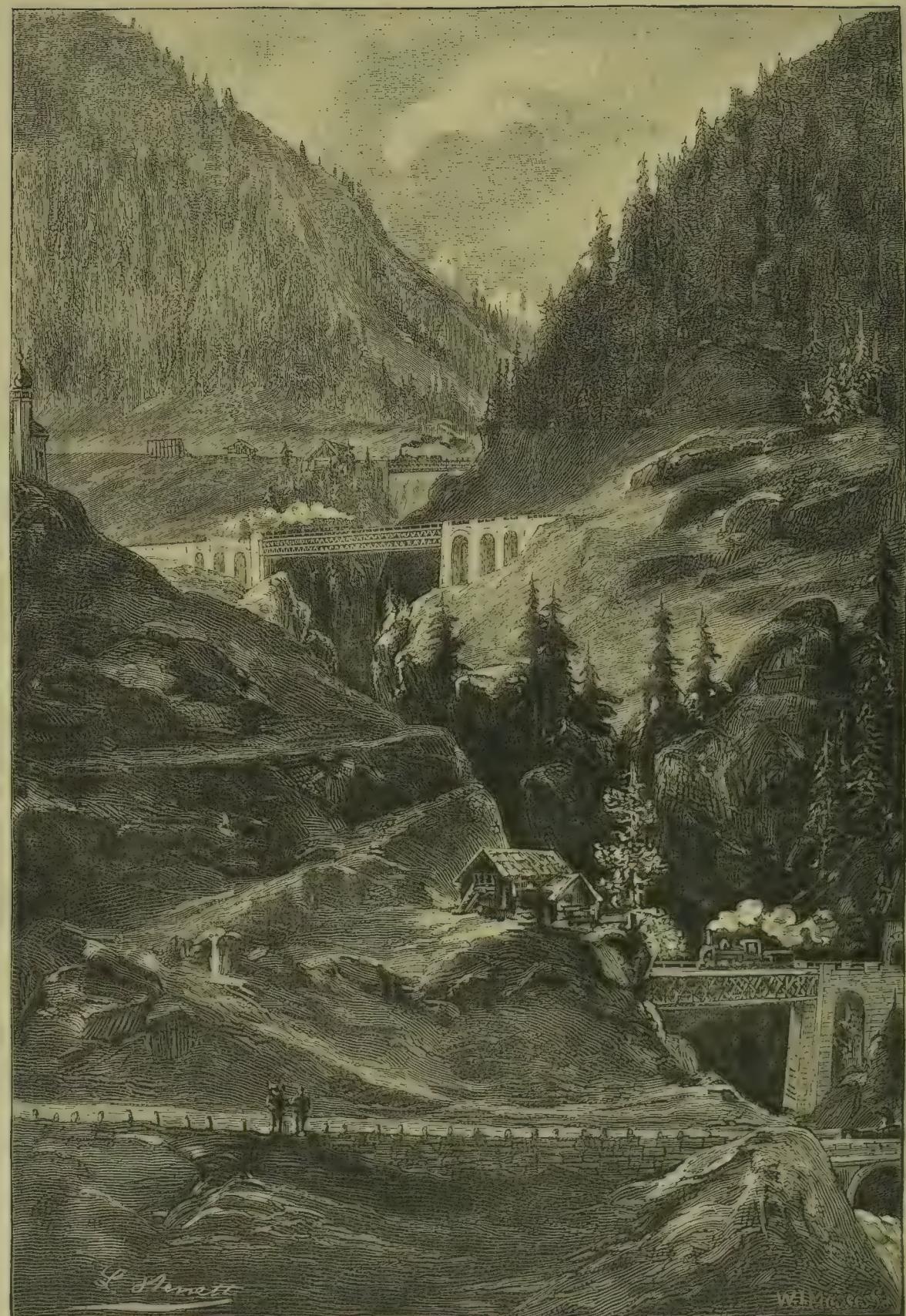
OPENING OF ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL: LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.—SEE PAGE 466.



ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL: MINERS LEAVING WORK.



ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY: BRIDGE OVER THE REUSS, NEAR AMSTEG.



BRIDGE AT WASEN, OVER THE MAYEN REUSS.

MEN OF LETTERS.

Imitation is not only the sincerest flattery but very often the best proof that a certain venture has been successful; and we may conclude, therefore, it is to be hoped, that the success of "Ancient Classics for English Readers" and of "English Men of Letters" fully accounts for the publication not only of the series commenced some time ago under the style and title of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," but also of the more recent series entitled "American Men of Letters."

A wonderfully interesting little volume is *Schiller*: by James Sine, M.A. (William Blackwood and Sons), in which there is such an account of the poet who holds the next rank to Goethe in the great German host of singers, together with specimens of his compositions in various lines, as will completely meet the requirements, rejoice the heart, and enlighten the mind of the ordinary reader, though the enthusiast and the student may have to seek elsewhere for greater detail and more elaborate criticism. What the conditions of space made it possible to do has apparently been done to a marvel; indeed, it may be said that the performance surpasses what could be reasonably expected from the opportunities. What Goethe and Heine said of Schiller is told in a few introductory pages, in which information is also given as to the biographical resources to be drawn upon by readers who may thirst for further knowledge; and then the main business is attacked. One would like, of course, to believe that he was descended from a certain Schiller, "who in the early part of the fifteenth century was famous as a Master Singer in South Germany;" but the probability is weakened rather than strengthened by the fact that he seems to have owed the possession of his poetic faculty, so far as it was hereditary, to his mother and not to his father, although, to be sure, his paternal and maternal ancestry may have intermarried over and over again in the space of two or three centuries. However, it is more to the point to observe that the spirit of poesy, and a double portion of it, whencesoever it came, was plainly manifested in him; and how the manifestation began and culminated, in spite of early and later obstacles, may be most agreeably collected from the little volume under consideration.

Exceedingly pleasant reading, combined with an exposition of some things not generally known, is contained in *La Fontaine, etc.*: by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A. (William Blackwood and Sons), a particularly welcome volume of the "Foreign Classics for English Readers," as it treats not only of La Fontaine, who must be known by name if not by translation, even to persons who abjure all language save "plain English," but also briefly, far too briefly, as the reader may think, of "other French fabulists," whose very existence has never been heard of by a very large minority, if not by the majority, among us. De la Motte we know, and Florian, so-styled, we know; at least some of us know them a little; but who is acquainted, not to say familiar, with Richer, Desbillons, Aubert, Le Mounier, and Le Baille? Yet they are the "other French fabulists," as to whom, had space permitted, it would have been satisfactory to have a great deal more both of biographical detail and illustrative quotation. La Fontaine and his works, however, occupy, naturally and worthily, nearly the whole number of pages, and very fascinating are the pages devoted to him and his fables. He was a literary character, and indeed a human character, such as is almost incomprehensible in the present day, when even a poet is expected to attend to some of the conventional rules of life, as well as to understand and practise the elementary procedure of business, and when he not unfrequently exhibits more keenness than was either expected or desired in affairs of pounds, shillings, and pence. La Fontaine, however, would probably have given "Jemmy" Thompson points and beaten him in a bout of indolence; he was a Simple Simon in all matters of business; he left other people to take care of him (which, strange to say, they did), and his way of fulfilling his duties as a husband and a father would have disgraced the wildest animal in his own fables. To say that he had lax notions of morality would be a very complimentary modification of the truth; he wrote "tales" so licentious that they were "branded by a police censure," and he was so simple as to plead in his defence that they "had never done him any harm." His fables, however, were pure and blameless, and obtained for him the generous eulogy of good Archbishop Fénelon, though Boileau refused to recognise them as poetry. Such as he was, everybody seems to have loved him; and certainly an account, however short, of his long life is "as good as a play." The "bon homme" still exercises the same strange spell that belonged to him in his lifetime.

Among "American Men of Letters" none is remembered among us more affectionately, so to speak, than he who is the subject of the volume entitled *Washington Irving*: by Charles Dudley Warner (Sampson Low and Co.); and, if "for fifty years Irving charmed and instructed the American people," the same remark might be applied, with some necessary modification, to the effect produced in this country by his writings. "You have made me weep," said the great Mrs. Siddons to him on two separate occasions in the "tragedy voice" which disconcerted the susceptible author; and he, in his day, affected to tears and to laughter many countrywomen, and probably countrymen, of the queenly actress. Why Washington Irving should be less read, if not altogether neglected, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic, at the present day is a question impossible to be decided off-hand; but he is by no means the only illustrious author who has met with such a fate, and one easy and obvious explanation is supplied by the incontrovertible fact that, as the great multitude of authors increases, and as the newer writers naturally attract the greater attention, a few only of the older writers—the human capacity for reading being limited by many causes—can hold their own among and perhaps above the new comers; and it is probably accident that decides, in most cases, who those few shall be. However, on this point, as well as on other more or less important and interesting points, it will be worth while to consult the little volume consecrated to the memory of Washington Irving.

Patience, perseverance, patriotism, unbounded self-confidence, pushed to the verge of self-conceit, and the acquisition and application of a certain curious erudition under disheartening circumstances, are illustrated by the career depicted in *Noah Webster*: by Horace E. Scudder (Sampson Low and Co.), the career of a very remarkable man, whom it would be more unjust to exclude from the ranks of "American Men of Letters" than it seems improper to include therein. For it is scarcely too much to say that, though he wrote a great deal, he would never have been remembered by his writings, and that he owes his fame, his imperishable fame, such as it is, to the compilation of the dictionary which bears his name, and which, by the exertions of subsequent editors, has been transformed into a truly great and almost universally respected work, wherever the English language is spoken, instead of remaining, as it would have remained, a monument, grotesque rather than great, of enormous labour, inordinate vanity, unsound learning, unphilosophical method, and appalling iconoclasm. Noah Webster, moreover, is an

instance, probably a solitary instance, of a man who lived and brought up a family for years on the proceeds of a spelling-book, and a spelling-book, too, whereof the orthography would make an ordinary Englishman's hair stand on end; but, again, it is a question whether "men of letters" comprise the worshipful company of spelling-book manufacturers. However that may be, there will be few readers to whom "Noah Webster" will not reveal a resolute character and an honourable life with which they will feel the better for becoming acquainted.

Charles Lamb, by Alfred Ainger (Macmillan), will be welcome to many readers, there being few names dearer to the lover of fine literature than that of Lamb. We do not say that the book is wholly satisfactory. The portrait of Lamb cannot be painted on a small scale. His genius was eminently discursive; and the enduring noble tragedy of his life needs to be written at large. Some authors exist apart from their works: Lamb's life is bound up in his, and it may be read best, perhaps, in his essays and letters, since it is only by the help of a variety of touches that we can understand his sweet but contradictory nature. The biographer is cramped for space, and apparently feels it. He knows his subject well, however, and, as far as it is possible to do so, looks at it from different points of view. There is no story sadder in our literature than that of Charles and Mary Lamb, but its painfulness, like that of a great drama, is relieved by the heroic character of the sufferers. The characters of the brother and sister were by no means flawless. Charles, it is well known, had a predilection for gin-and-water, and Mary took snuff. They lived like Bohemians, in a rough sort of way that some refined and aesthetic people could not tolerate. What talk, however, there must have been at those Wednesday evening gatherings in Inner Temple-lane, or in Russell-street, Covent-garden, where Lamb was at his ease, and surrounded by men whom he loved and who loved him! And what friends this clerk at the India House had! His best and dearest, perhaps, was Coleridge; but Wordsworth and Southey loved him well, and Froster, Talfourd, and Hazlitt laughed at his puns, joined in lively criticism of books and men, and no doubt relished the homely meal of cold meat and porter, with "something hot" afterwards, prepared for them by Miss Lamb in those bachelor-like rooms. Lamb only showed his real character to friends like these; and it is admitted that the first impression he made on ordinary people was always unfavourable, "sometimes to a violent and repulsive degree." People who were not ordinary could be also repelled; and Carlyle, himself a great humourist, found Lamb's talk "contemptibly small." "It is only too probable," says Mr. Ainger, "that the presence of the austere and dyspeptic Scotchman (one of that nation Lamb had been trying all his life to like) made him more than usually disposed to produce his entire stock of frivolity. He had a perverse delight in shocking uncongenial society." After all, no one has better portrayed the contrarieties of Lamb's character than the essayist himself, in the preface to the second series of the Essays of Elia. Mr. Ainger's criticism strikes us as admirable. The richness and variety of Lamb's style and its fitness for every theme he touches are noticeable features of the writer's genius. The style is the man, and "it is the man Charles Lamb that constitutes the enduring charm of his written words. The biographer calls him also a poet; and so, in a certain sense, he is; but though Lamb wrote a few lovely verses—witness the lines on Hester—it would be more correct to say that he viewed everything in a poetical light. His humour in this respect shows a marked contrast to that of Sydney Smith. It has about it too subtle a flavour to be appreciated at the dinner-table. De Quincey has said that Lamb's admirers must always be a select few. We do not think this is true—in the sense that it is true, for instance, of Elia's prime favourite, Sir Thomas Browne; and if he does not win universal admiration like Shakespeare and Scott, he will, we believe, gain instead of losing friends as the years roll on. We trust that Mr. Ainger's interesting little volume may contribute to this good end. It deserves to do so, for it is not only a sound piece of literary workmanship, but it is written in a sympathetic and liberal spirit. Some readers will think, perhaps, that the author deals too gently with the frailties of his hero.

Lord Carlingford has allowed the tenantry on his Somersetshire estate 7½ per cent on the rent of the hill farms and 5 per cent on the rent of richer grass lands. The abatements of the two previous years were 15 and 10 per cent respectively.

Another mysterious disappearance is reported from West Ham—that of an old maiden lady, named Sophia Marsh. She was of somewhat eccentric habits, but in comfortable circumstances. On the 12th ult. she received from her solicitors £192 in dividends, and on that day went into Stratford, since which time she has not been seen, nor have the police been able to discover anything of her.—The amount of the reward offered for the discovery of the two little girls who so mysteriously disappeared at West Ham has been raised to £200, one half of which will be paid on information regarding either of them.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. W. ALLEN.
Glenavon, and other Poems. By Frederick B. Needham.

BENTLEY AND SON.
The Friars. By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols.

BOGUE.
Sparks from the Philosopher's Stone. By James Lendall Basford.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN.
Guide to Employment in the Civil Service. With an Introduction by Dr. J. Morell. New and Revised Edition.

CHATTO AND WINDUS.
Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour. By Robert Buchanan. With a Frontispiece. Forensic Anecdotes; or, Humour and Curiosities of the Law, and of the Men of Law. By Jacob Larwood. In Marenna. A Story. By Ouida. 3 vols.

CHRISTIAN AGE OFFICE.
The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, from 1817 to 1822. Written by Himself. Illustrated. With an Introduction by Mr. Bright. Edited by John Lobb.

COLLINGRIDGE.
City of London Directory for 1882. With Coloured Map.

DENTU, PARIS.
Le Jea Public et Monaco. Par le Docteur Prompt.

DOUGLAS, EDINBURGH.
John Leech, and other Papers. By Dr. John Brown.

HEYWOOD.
Lancashire Legends, Traditions, Pageants, Sports, &c. With an Appendix, containing a Tract on the Lancashire Witches. By John Harland and T. T. Wilkinson.

JARROLD AND SONS.
Alfred Holme: A Story of Social Life in Australia. By Elizabeth Foyd Bayley.

KERRY AND ENDER.

LOW AND CO.
Annunziata Grimani. By T. Louis Oxley.

LOW AND CO.
William Lloyd Garrison and His Times. By Oliver Johnson. With an Introduction by John G. Whittier.

WARNE AND CO.
The Doctor of the Rungapore. A Tale of 1840. By Ross Gordon.

WHITE AND STOKES, NEW YORK.
Evan Hardisty. A Novel of American Life. By William Osborn Stoddard.

Prize Painting Book—Good Times. By Miss Dora Wheeler.

STOCK.
A Noble Boke Off Cooky for a Prynce Houssode or Eny Other Estately Houssode. Reprinted Verbatim from a Rare MS. in the Holkham Collection. Edited by Mrs. Alex. Napier.

TRIBNER AND CO.
Genji Monogatari, The Most Celebrated of the Classical Japanese Romances. Translated by Suyemitsu Kenchō.

MARCUS WARD AND CO.
Overlet Ash. A Novel. By Monica. 3 vols.

WARNE AND CO.
The Doctor of the Rungapore. A Tale of 1840. By Ross Gordon.

WHITE AND STOKES, NEW YORK.
Evan Hardisty. A Novel of American Life. By William Osborn Stoddard.

Prize Painting Book—Good Times. By Miss Dora Wheeler.

OLD INNS OF COURT CUSTOMS.

The history of the Inns of Court in days gone by, apart from its legal interest, affords us a good insight into the festive and social life of our forefathers. Indeed, the merry doings associated with these old institutions are proverbial, and many a graphic picture has been bequeathed to us illustrative of the joviality which once formed a prominent characteristic on all seasons of rejoicing. Thus, it may be remembered that in the hall of the Middle Temple was performed Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," a fact recorded in the table-book of John Manningham, a student of the Middle Temple:—"Feb. 2, 1601-2.—At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or What You Will.'"¹ As Charles Knight remarks in his "Pictorial Shakespeare," "it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakespeare was listened to by his contemporaries, and that play 'Twelfth Night.'"² We read, too, how, in the reign of Charles I., the students of the Middle Temple were accustomed at All Hallow-tide, which they considered the beginning of Christmas, to prepare for the festive season; an account of which we find in Whitelocke's "Memoirs of Bulstrode Whitelocke," Evelyn alludes to the Middle Temple feasts, and describes that of 1688 as "very extravagant and great, as the like had not been seen at any time."³ Equally famous were the entertainments at the Inner Temple—Christmas, Candlemas, Ascension Day, and Halloween having been observed with great splendour. In 1561 the Christmas revels were kept on a very splendid scale. At breakfast, brawn, mustard, and malmsey were served; and at the dinner in the hall several imposing ceremonies were gone through. Thus it is related how, between the two courses, first came the master of the game, then the ranger of the forests, who, having blown three blasts of the hunting-horn, paced three times round the fire, then in the middle of the hall. Nine or ten couple of hounds were then brought in, with a fox and a cat, which were set upon by the dogs, amidst the blowing of horns. At the close of the second course the oldest of the masters of the revels sang a song. Finally, after supper, the Lord of Misrule addressed himself to the banquet, which, amongst other diversities, generally concluded with minstrelsy and dancing.

Many of the dinner customs of the Inns of Court are curious. Thus a banquet at the Inner Temple is a grand affair. At five, or half-past five, the barristers and students in their gowns follow the Benches in procession to the dais; the steward strikes the table three times, grace is said by the treasurer or senior bencher present, and dinner commences. The waiters are called "panniers," from the "panarii" who attended the Knight Templars; and in former years it was the custom to blow a horn in every court to announce the meal. The loving cups used on important occasions are huge silver bowls, which are passed down the table filled with the time-honoured "sack," which consists of "sweetened and exquisitely-flavoured white wine;" each student being restricted to a "sip." On May 29 a gold cup of this fragrant beverage is handed to each member, who drinks to the happy restoration of Charles II.

Referring to the customs once observed at the Middle Temple banquets, many of these have died out. "The loving cup," Mr. Thornbury remarks, in "Old and New London" (I. 179), "once fragrant with sweetened sack, is now used to hold the almost superfluous toothpicks. Oysters are no longer brought in, in Term, every Friday before dinner; nor when one Bencher dines does he, on leaving the hall, invite the senior bar-man to come and take wine with him in the Parliament Chamber (the accommodation-room of Oxford Colleges)." Dugdale informs us that "until the second year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, this society did use to drink in cups of aspen-wood; but then those were laid aside, and green earthen pots introduced, which have ever since been continued." Amongst the old customs associated with the Middle Temple may be mentioned the calves'-head breakfast which was given by the chief cook of the society to the whole fraternity, for which every member paid at least one shilling. In the eleventh year of James I., however, this breakfast was turned into a dinner, and appointed to be held on the first and second Monday in every Easter Term. The price per head was regularly fixed, and to be paid by the whole society, as well absent as present, and the sum thus collected was divided amongst all the domestics of the house.

The merry doings at Lincoln's Inn were, in days gone by, kept up with much enthusiasm; and frequent notices of the "Revels" are given by our old writers. Charles Knight, too, in his "Cyclopaedia of London," tells us that on such occasions dancing and singing were insisted on, and, by an order of Feb. 6, in the 7th James I., it appears that "the under-barristers were by decimation put out of commons for example's sake, because the whole bar were offended by their not dancing on the Candlemas Day preceding, according to the ancient order of the society, when the Judges were present." Of the social customs formerly observed, we read that at each mess it was a rule that there should be a "moot daily;"—the junior member of each mess having to propound to the rest at his table some knotty question of law, which was discussed by each in turn during the dinner. Not many years ago, too, it was the custom for one of the servants, attired in his usual robes, to go to the threshold of the outer door about twelve or one o'clock, and call out three times, "Venez manger." To quote a further old custom, in the first year of Elizabeth, it was ordered "that no Fellow of the house should wear a beard of above a fortnight's growth, under penalty of loss of commons, and, in case of obstinacy, of final expulsion."

Gray's Inn, again, formerly had its masques and revels, when the presentation of plays seems to have been one of the chief features. A comedy, acted at Christmas, 1527, written by John Roos, a student of the inn, so offended Wolsey, that its author was actually imprisoned. Amongst the many customs relating to the dining-hall, we are told that in 1581 an agreement was made regarding Easter, in accordance with which the members who came to breakfast after service and communion were to have "eggs and green sauce" at the expense of the House, and that "no calves' heads were to be provided by the cook." In the year 1600 the members were instructed not to come into the hall with their hats, boots, or spurs; but with their caps, decently and orderly, "according to the ancient orders." Gray's Inn has also been noted for its exercises known as "Bolting," which is thus defined in Cowell's "Law Dictionary":—"Bolting is a term of art used in Gray's Inn, and applied to the bolting or arguing of moot cases."

Lastly, a very curious dinner custom has in years gone by been kept up at Clifford's Inn. The society consists of two distinct bodies—"the Principal and Rules," and the junior members, or "Kentish Mess." Each body has its own table. At the conclusion of the dinner, the chairman of the Kentish mess, first bowing to the Principal of the Inn, takes from the hand of the servitor some small rolls or loaves of bread, and, without saying a word, he dashes them three several times on the table; he then discharges them to the other end of the table, from whence the bread is removed by a servant in attendance. Solemn silence—broken only by three impressive thumps upon the table—prevails during this ceremony.

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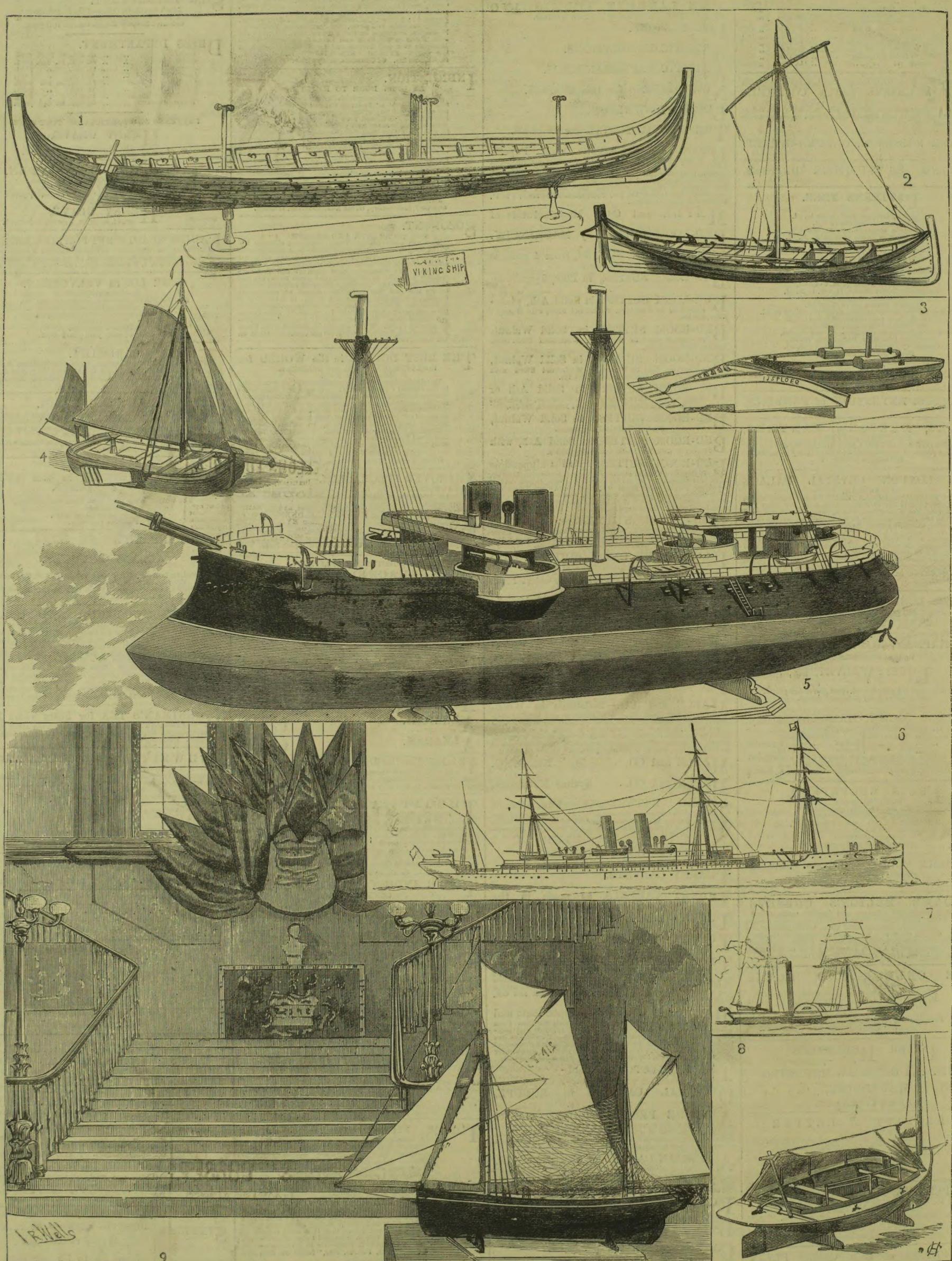
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POETRY.

Baby-worship has seldom, if ever, found purer and at the same time quainter expression than is given to it in *My Boy and I; or, On the Road to Slumberland*: by Mary D. Brine, which is, apparently, an American publication, to be obtained in this country from Messrs. Trübner and Co. A book it is, no doubt, but a book of a very curious sort, as regards material, external form, and sundry adjuncts. Conceive a quantity of leaves, about threescore in number, oblong in shape, about a foot long and about half a foot broad, made of some unusually thick paper, tinted yellowish, suggestive of vellum; conceive, further, that this collection of leaves, inclosed, sandwich-like, between two covers of limp brown leather, or quasi-leather, is fastened together at one end by an arrangement of greenish floss-silk passing through certain holes pierced in the covers and leaves; that the covers alone, overlapping the leaves, are similarly fastened at the other end, the silk being tied here in such fashion that it can be undone at will; and that the whole is incased, so as to be removed at pleasure, in the kind of box, whether made of cardboard or of something similar, in which haberdashers are wont to keep gloves, handkerchiefs, and other more or less useful articles. It must be acknowledged that quaint, not to say odd, is an epithet which may be well applied to such an aggregate. But that is not the sum of peculiarities; there is print of an archaic type, there is a series of pretty illustrations, and there are queer medallion-like stamps upon the covers and elsewhere. The poem, which is presented in this guise, and which is divided into twelve short parts, may be said to resolve itself into a description, very simple, very lifelike, full of pure, tender, maternal sentiment, of the way in which a well-to-do-mother, with a nurse at call and no hard work on hand, passes the whole of a summer-day with her baby-boy, whose father is supposed to be far away at sea. The various pictures will, no doubt, go home to every mother's heart, and they, some of them, if not all, are distinguished for happiness both of fancy and of touch; the verse is, for the most part, appropriate to the subject, and often tuneful withal, though the poetic flight may be more frequently a little below than a great deal above the height attained by the celebrated Dr. Watts. The writer insists, with almost exasperating iteration, upon the attribute of sweetness characteristic of the baby-boy, a sweetness, we are assured, beyond that of "any blossom fair"; and one is almost goaded into a statement of the other side of the question, as many weighty authorities have maintained that an inexplicable sourness is always exhaled by very young children. The writer, on the other hand, seems to be under no illusion as to the wretched life led by a dog or a cat under the baby-boy dispensation, but to regard it as the will of Providence and the natural condition of the lower animals: it might be well to take the opinion of a certain excellent Society which interferes for the protection of dumb creatures. However, there is little doubt that most mothers who read the poem will think that the dog and cat ought to consider themselves highly flattered to be tormented by the darling boy, and will be much touched and edified by the charming spectacle presented.

Two of the nine muses, Clio and Euterpe, have been invoked to inspire the contents of *The Visions of England*: by Francis T. Palgrave (Macmillan and Co.), unless, indeed, the author, after the fashion of Horace, may have called upon Calliope, whose proper sphere, according to the pundits, is the epic rather than the lyric division of poetry, to aid him. In other words, the learned author has undertaken to present his readers with a series of lyrical pieces, in each of which the theme is suggested by reminiscences of some historical personage or incident, or both, with whom or which the fortunes of this island have been associated from the days of Julius Caesar to the death of Albert the Good, and even to a later date. The author will probably be considered to attach undue importance to questions of metrical composition, and to have employed in several instances an elaborate and intricate form which, lacking the irresistible, torrent-like flow of the inimitable Pindaricode, interferes with the reader's progress and withdraws attention from the picture to the frame, as it were. At the same time it must be admitted that a risk of monotony is run when a volume is made up of comparatively short lyrical poems, and there is little or no variety of structure; though it may be urged, on the other hand, that continuous perusal is by no means necessary or even to be recommended. However, the performance is, on the whole, very spirited and readable, and sometimes really beautiful; that it is full of scholarly graces is a matter of course. There are some very useful, helpful notes, and there is an explanatory, highly instructive appendix, which would have been none the worse for being considerably fuller. The "visions" may occasionally seem to have been seen by the author through a distorted or peculiarly-coloured medium, for all Englishmen do not take the same view of historical characters and events; but the volume will certainly afford everybody an excellent opportunity of renewing the pleasures of memory with the addition of gratification derived from a poetical version of historical subjects, and, should memory be faded or never have been exercised in that direction, no reader of the poems is likely to be satisfied until recourse has been had to the store from which the author has borrowed his material. And nobody presumably would be better pleased than the author if the publication of his volume should lead to a more general interest in English history.

Exuberance of language, composite phrases, elaboration of strange epithets, and a Gallo-like disregard of the laws which should regulate rhyme, are regrettably conspicuous in *Songs of Study*: by William Wilkins (C. Kegan Paul, and Co.), a collection of poems in which natural power is distinctly apparent whenever the writer's thoughts and feelings are allowed to have simple, unaffected utterance. Rhyme is, of course, a matter of relatively little consequence; but, as the adoption of rhyme is purely voluntary, there is the less excuse for treating it with a latitude beyond the limits of reasonable liberty, so that "beauty" shall be made to rhyme with "study," "hedges," with "catches," "arches" with "surges," "azure" with "vesture." But in the volume under consideration there are so many instances of such license that the eye and the ear are constantly offended and shocked, and doubts arise as to the author's possession of that musical instinct without which it is generally supposed that no true poet is born. It is impossible, however, to read the pieces entitled "Actæon" and "Ail Mavrish" without perceiving that he who could write them must have within him some spark of poetical inspiration, and that he has literary culture and a faculty of versification there is plenty of evidence, both intrinsic and extrinsic, for he is or was a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, and some of his verses have been published at various times in various more or less notable publications. Still it is clear that a singer who, when he tunes up his lyre to sing of Diana and her nymphs disporting themselves in a limpid stream can include their "hams" in a description of their exquisite limbs, has scarcely sufficient delicacy of perception and has something to learn as to the choice of appropriate terms; while the exigencies of

rhyme cannot very well be pleaded by a writer who allows himself so much freedom in that respect.

Occasional ruggedness, rather assumed than involuntary, one would be inclined to think, in the composition, and the occasional affectation of peculiarity in the metres and the system of rhymes, cannot prevent a reader of *A Sculptor, and Other Poems*: by E. H. Hickey (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), from being impressed with the power and beauty exhibited in most of the compositions, of which some are written with an impetuosity that suggests sheer inspiration, and with a fiery vigour that verges upon fierceness, a fierceness quite appropriate to the subject. No theme seems to come amiss to the writer, who appears to be equally at home with the terrible and the gentle, with the wild madman and unbeliever, or with the loving, patient Christian saint and martyr. In the poem which is not injudiciously chosen for special mention in the title of the volume a terrible and yet most affecting story is told in powerful, nervous verse, whereof the frequent roughness is evidently studied, intentional, and as impressive as it is artistic. It is the story of a woman's love, unfailing but unappreciated, and of a man's high aim, seen with his mind's eye but beyond the attainment of his bodily powers; he could grasp a beautiful conception, but he could not give it expression in marble, and the mingled hopefulness and hopelessness of his condition is most pathetically set forth in the poem, in which the notes of anticipated triumph die away in a wail of blank despair. Very poetically, also, is it insinuated throughout the story that in the love which lay at the sculptor's command, and to which he was blind, or of which he was wilfully neglectful, lay the very charm he required to break the spell of executive incapacity, or at any rate to make ample amends for professional failure. And throughout the volume, whether in the original pieces or in the translations, there are outward and visible signs of the poet's spirit and fancy and touch.

The most ambitious composition in *Poems*: by Arthur Bridge, (Richard Bentley and Son), is a drama in five acts, entitled "Cromwell," in which there is some excellent blank verse, though the writer himself, to judge from the modest spirit exhibited in his introductory and dedicatory sonnet, would be the first to express a fear that the poetical treatment is somewhat deficient in the height, breadth, and strength required for so colossal a subject. Whether the play were intended for representation or not, can only be surmised; but there are certain scenes which would probably tax the resources of the management, to say nothing of the effect likely to be produced upon the spectators, as, for instance, when there "enter, escorted by soldiers, eight and thirty waggon-loads of silver on the way to the Tower," and when there is "discovered," to use the technical expression, "a gallows with Cromwell's body dangling," the moon being up, so that "white gleameth the gallows, white the skin-peeled bones, and white the teeth, and white the grinning skull" of "the late Protector." It is doubtful, too, whether the patience of an audience would hold out whilst the impersonator of Cromwell spoke a speech six pages long. Other poems, however, there are, not so many in number as the grains of sand upon the seashore, but exceedingly numerous as well as diverse, pretty, melodious, pathetic, imitative, quaint, regular and irregular; and out of them all it will be passing strange if most readers do not find something to their taste, though there may be nothing that will move the whole world.

Sufficient command of versification and sufficient power of description to make a "metrical romance" something more than readable are by no means uncommon in these days of general cultivation, but in *Darroll and Other Poems*: by Walter Cook Spens, advocate (Edinburgh: David Douglas), those necessary qualities are not only conspicuously present but united with others of a more exclusive kind. It is a pity, however, that more than one of the author's themes should belong to what may be called the adulterous category. There is something extremely repulsive in the picture, however well it may be painted, of an adulteress confessing her sin, which had never so much as been suspected, over her dead husband's corpse, lamenting that she had tended him with a false assumption of wifely affection, and indulging in a burst of hysterical, and most probably short-lived repentance. Nor was the adulterous episode at all necessary for the purposes of the "metrical romance," which might have been made quite as touching, natural, graceful, and far less common, without so hackneyed a resource.

Liberal measure is the foremost characteristic of *The Collegians*: by S. Lenox L. Bigger (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co.), for the bulk of the volume looms large upon the eye, and the titlepage reveals the fact that there is "a poem in fourteen cantos" to be encountered. This would be regarded as a somewhat formidable work to be attacked, even if the writer were a Lord Byron; and so much cannot be said in the author's favour, although he exhibits many of the qualities that distinguished the noble Lord both as a lover of adventure, a friend of the sea, and a writer of easy, and sometimes slipshod and careless, descriptive verse. But then the noble Lord sometimes soared upon the pinions of genius to heights unattainable by the ordinary verse-writer; and to those heights our author cannot aspire. The poem may be said to be a description in rhyme, with more or less rhythmical measures, of life and adventure, whereof the heroes-in-chief are two college-friends, of whom one is always favoured by fortune above the other, whether the object of their friendly rivalry be college distinction or lovely woman. There is a wholesome freshness, as of sea-breezes, about the poem, which is dedicated to "the yachtsmen of Great Britain and Ireland," to whose appreciation, accordingly, it may be hereby commended.

A scholar, apparently, is the anonymous author of *Bits of Life* (Trübner and Co.); but that fact is to be gathered rather from his Greek quotations than from his English verses, whereof the grammar and the structure are scarcely up to the level of the rhymes ascribed to "Peter Pindar," and generally classified as doggerel. Set, however, in the doggerel, or attached to it, are some sonnets, so framed or arbitrarily so called, in which, for all the slovenliness and carelessness of mechanical construction, graceful fancy expresses itself in graceful terms. Two cousins, one of each sex, their aunt, and one or two other persons converse in rhyme upon all kinds of topics which are discussed at the present day, and the two cousins recite one to the other or write one to the other a few verses which have more or less claim to be considered poetry; and thus a volume of slight dimensions is filled with "bits of life"—that is, with descriptions or remarks founded upon certain phases of human existence.

A true child of the muse is proclaimed on nearly every page of *Legends of the Heart*: by Gerard Bendall (William Holmes), and it were rash to say positively whether the writer is happier in the dramatic or in the lyric vein. At any rate, the dramatic piece is a thing of grace, and the lyric pieces are full of vigour as well as of melody.

Some exquisite lines, delicate as well as striking in idea and in diction, will be found in *Songs in the South*: by Rennell Rodd (David Bogue), a volume simple, unpretentious, but elegant withal, the contents corresponding well with the

characteristics of the exterior. These contents are, for the most part, coloured Roman, having been written, apparently, within the influence of the Coliseum and the Tiber. The correct ear, however, will protest against the violence which forces the last syllable of *Lucciolà* to rhyme with that of "afar," and with "star" and "are." But much must be conceded, no doubt, when consonance is required for a sound uncommon in English.

THE JEANNETTE SEARCH AND RELIEF EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. A. Larsen, accompanying Mr. Jackson, of the *New York Herald*, who was sent by the proprietor of that journal, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, to search for the survivors of the shipwrecked crew on the north-eastern coast of Siberia, has sent us the Sketches engraved for this Extra Supplement. Our readers will regret to learn this week, by a telegram, dated March 24, from Mr. Melville, the engineer of the Jeannette, who had returned from Yakutsk to the mouths of the Lena, endeavouring to save his forlorn comrades, that Lieutenant De Long, the commander of the vessel, and all the men who had remained with him, have been found dead, having perished of cold and hunger during last winter. Several other survivors of the Jeannette, Lieutenant Danenhauer, Mr. Newcombe, the naturalist, the Chinese steward, and a seaman named Cole, arrived at St. Petersburg last week, and took up their quarters at the house of the representative of the *New York Herald*. All these appear in good bodily health, but, unfortunately, the seaman Cole is completely out of his mind. At times he becomes almost unmanageable, and had to be kept from attacking Lieutenant Danenhauer and his comrades by the exertion of the Cossack who has accompanied the party all the way from Irkutsk. Lieutenant Danenhauer suffers from weakness of sight, and has to keep himself as much as possible in the dark. He hopes, however, that his sight will return, and that he will regain his usual strength as soon as he gets into warmer climes, and can receive the attention of a skilled oculist. The party have received the congratulations of the Russian Minister of the Navy, and the American Legation has given an entertainment in their honour.

The Sketches now presented to our readers were dispatched by our Special Artist from Irkutsk, in Central Siberia, on March 7, after he met Lieutenant Danenhauer on his way from the north-east, and from Yakutsk, to European Russia. Our Artist then obtained from Lieutenant Danenhauer, and from the naturalist, Mr. Newcombe, notes and sketches illustrating the voyage of the Jeannette to explore the seas and islands and continental shores of Northern Asia beyond Behring's Strait, and of the loss of that vessel, crushed by the ice on June 13, and the subsequent adventures of her officers and crew, who got ashore by their boats at the mouths or delta of the River Lena.

Shortly after the Jeannette went down, having been previously abandoned by the crew, they started through the ice on the retreat for land. The greatest hardships were to be gone through; but their spirits were excellent, and many were the jokes and laughs heard, even when danger was greatest, and when the exposure to severe cold with hunger and wet, and the necessity of exhausting work, aggravated the necessity of struggling for life.

In consequence of the stronger light at day-time, the men worked on during the night and slept at day, an arrangement that proved most fortunate, giving some relief at least to the toilers. They seldom made more than one or two miles a day, and during the first week they were in the highest latitude reached by the expedition—77 degrees north. On July 9 the island afterwards called Bennett Island was first seen at a distance, but it soon disappeared in the fog. On the 29th they reached this rocky barren island. After landing, the American ensign was planted, and the party remained there twelve days on American soil. This Bennett Island was the third discovered by the expedition; Jeannette and Henrietta Islands having already been discovered before the Jeannette went down. On Aug. 5 the exhausting voyage was continued; the New Siberian Islands were passed at the end of the month, and the parties started southwards to the mouth of the Lena river. During ten days and nights of September it blew a heavy gale; the boats shipped many seas, and the darkness of the night made the situation still more terrible. Their escape may be said to have been a miraculous one. There was much ice, and the boats were often struck by it, causing one of them, that of Melville and Danenhauer, to leak; it was hauled to a large piece of ice, where repairs were performed. As soon as the weather cleared up the course for the shore was taken up again, and this party landed in safety in the Lena mouth, but one of the boats, commanded by Mr. Chipp, first officer of the Jeannette, was lost at sea. We have still a large number of sketches in hand.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday week at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £150 were granted to the crews of life-boats for services rendered during the storms of the past month. The Harwich life-boat saved four men from the schooner Henrietta, of London; the Southwold No. 1 life-boat three men from the pilot-boat Ben and Louisa, belonging to that place; the Hauxley life-boat six men from the fishing smack Belle, of Blyth; the Arbroath life-boat six men from the brigantine Expedit, of Porsgrund; and the Bude life-boat saved the smack Boconnoc and her crew of three men. During the violent gale experienced on Saturday last, the Freemasons' life-boat at Clacton—named, after the Prince of Wales, The Albert Edward—sailed, with much difficulty, the crew of five men from the Norwegian sloop Nordstjernen; the Ferryside, Carmarthen Bay, life-boat landed two men from the stranded yacht Formosa, of Carmarthen, and the Hayle life-boat saved two men from the s.s. Drumhendry. Rewards were granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments amounting to £1170 were made on life-boat establishments. A second contribution of £600 has been received from the readers of the *Boys' Own Paper*, through the editor, Mr. G. A. Hutchison, to defray the cost of their No. 2 Life-boat. The late Miss M. Joes, of Waterloo, Lancashire, bequeathed £1000 to the institution for a life-boat to be named A Daughter's Offering; and the late Mrs. A. G. Stamp, of Hull, £50. Reports were read from the five district inspectors of life-boats to the institution.

The subscribers to the Frank Buckland Memorial met at 34, Portland-place, last Saturday—Prince Christian in the chair. It was reported that £988 has been received; 150 guineas have been expended on a bust by Mr. Warrington Wood, which is to be placed at South Kensington; and with the remainder an annuity of £50 has been purchased for Mrs. Buckland. Prince Christian presented the bust to Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, who accepted it on behalf of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.



THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE CREW.

OBITUARY.

LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, whose murder in the Phoenix Park on the 6th instant, within a few hours after his arrival in Ireland, is one of the most terrible tragedies on record, was second son of the present Duke of Devonshire, by Blanche Georgiana, his wife, daughter of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, and was next younger brother of the Marquis of Hartington. He was born Nov. 30, 1836, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated a Senior Optime in 1858. From 1859 to 1864 he acted as Private Secretary to Earl Granville, Lord President of the Council; and from 1872 to 1873 as Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone. In the last-named year he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, and in 1880 became Financial Secretary. It was only a few days ago he succeeded Mr. Forster as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and vacated his seat for the Northern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. His Lordship married, June 7, 1864, the Hon. Lucy Caroline Lyttelton, Maid of Honour to the Queen, second daughter of George William, late Lord Lyttelton, but leaves no issue.

SIR P. M. THREIPLAND, BART.

Sir Patrick Murray Threipland, Bart., of Fingask Castle,



Perthshire, J.P. and D.L., a Commissioner of Supply for the Counties of Perth and Caithness, formerly Major of the Perthshire Militia, died at his seat on the 30th ult. He was born May 26, 1800, the only son of Sir Patrick Murray Threipland, Bart., by

Jessy Murray, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Scott Kerr, of Chatto, county Roxburgh, and succeeded his father as fifth Baronet Jan. 11, 1837. Sir Patrick received his education at Edinburgh, and at Paris. He was never married, and the baronetcy, which was conferred in 1687 on Sir Patrick Threipland, of Fingask Castle, a stanch Royalist, is now extinct. It had been attained in consequence of the participation of the second Baronet in the rising of 1745, but was restored by Act of Parliament in 1826.

MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE.

Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, Under-Secretary for Ireland, murdered in the Phoenix Park on the 6th inst., had held for many years, with the greatest credit to himself and advantage to the public service, the important office of Under-Secretary. He was born May 29, 1829, the second but eldest surviving son of the late Mr. William Burke, of Knocknagur, in the county of Galway, and was heir presumptive to the baronetcy of Burke of Glinsk. He was not married.

We have also to record the death of—

The Rev. John Bateman, for forty-six years Rector of East and West Leake, Notts, on the 2nd inst., aged eighty-two.

Henry Alfred Hamilton Lighton, M.R.C.S., of 138, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, on the 2nd inst., at Madeira. He was third son of the Rev. Sir Christopher Robert Lighton, Bart., of Ellastone, Staffordshire, and Brockhampton, Herefordshire, and brother of Sir Christopher Robert Lighton, Bart.

Mr. Osgood Hanbury, of Holfield Grange, Essex, J.P. and D.L., on the 3rd inst., at 5, Upper Belgrave-street, aged fifty-six. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Osgood Hanbury, of Holfield Grange, High Sheriff of Essex in 1858, and the senior representative of the eminent family of Hanbury, bankers and brewers, of London.

Herbert Broom, LL.D., late Professor of Common Law to the Inns of Court, on the 2nd inst., at his residence, The Priory, Orpington, Kent, in his sixty-eighth year. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1837, and was given the Doctor of Law's degree in 1861. He was author of several legal works, one, well known, on "Legal Maxims."

Mr. John Forbes-Mitchell, of Thainstone, Aberdeenshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 23rd ult., at Ventnor, Isle of Wight. He represented by male descent a branch of the family of Forbes of Craigievar, derived from the second son of Sir Arthur Forbes, fourth Baronet, Duncan Forbes, who assumed the additional surname and arms of Mitchell, of Thainstone, in memory of Sir Andrew Mitchell, K.B., of Thainstone.

General John Wilkie, Colonel of the 14th (King's) Hussars, on the 30th ult., at his residence, Knowhead, Uddington, N.B. He entered the Army as a Cornet in 1838, and attained the rank of General in 1878. During the Crimean war, he commanded the 10th Hussars, and was at the capture of Tchorgaun, the battle of Tchernaya, and the siege of Sebastopol. He received in requital the medal and clasp, the order of the Medjidie, and the Turkish medal.

The Highland Society of London are to entertain the officers of the Gordon Highlanders (late 92nd) on their return from foreign service, and also the officers of the Sutherland and Argyllshire, and other Highland regiments near London, at a banquet at the Freemason's Tavern next Saturday.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr gave the first of his final course of Cantor Lectures for the present session at the Society of Arts, on Monday, the subject being "Book Illustration, Old and New." Mr. Carr treated of the proper relations of printed text and illustrated design, and of the history of early wood engraving. The second lecture, next Monday, will be devoted to the consideration of the various modes of book illustration and the modern development of wood engraving. Modern processes of illustration and the influence of photography upon the art will be considered in the last lecture, on the 22nd inst.

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CHESS.

HEWEND (Oxford).—Thanks for the information. As regards No. 1933, see the note below.
A B S (Uttexeter).—In Problem No. 1933, Black's best reply to 1. Q takes P, is 1. B to K B 4th, after which White cannot mate in two more moves.
N B (Freckenham).—Fvidently No. 1991 has tried you, but you are not alone in that experience. The problem is perfectly sound.

F O'N H (Liverpool).—White's force in your problem appears to be overwhelming; nevertheless, it is not enough. After 1. Q to K 2nd, suppose 1. K takes R?

R H B (Frankfort).—We have been informed that the publication of Mr. Gossip's work on the subject of chess theory has been deferred.

W F (Blaydon-on-Tyne).—Neat enough, but too simple in construction.

W G (Whitby).—Kindly re-examine your problem. Suppose 1. R takes P (ch), K takes R; 2. Q to Q sq (ch), K to B 7th; 3. R takes P (ch), mate. If Black play 1. P takes R, then follows 2. K to Q 3rd (ch), and 3. Q to K R sq, mate.

C C (Dulston).—Your problem shall be well examined. Thanks for your letter.

PROBLEMS RECEIVED, with thanks from L M Samuels, Dr F St, J G C (Finsbury Park), H (Munich), and J T P (Ipswich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 1933 received from P S Shenele, Shrapnel, H Hampton, Great Bealings, and V D H (Brussels).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 1932 received from Miss Ellner (Bury St. Edmunds), J H Garratt, John R Ross, E Evans (Aberdare), H Brewster, S Lowndes, F G Parsloe, Aaron Harper, P S Shenele, N S Harris, Otto Fulder (Ghent), W Kell, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, H Blacklock, J G Anstee, C W Milson, W Reeve, S Bulen, R L Southwell, A W Scrutton, G Seymour, W Law, T H Holdron, R T Kemp, R T Leckie, J W Fawcett, B Wold, Donald Mackay, P S Shenele, W Cartwright, Edmund Honidge, Dr Goldsmith (Worthing), Fitzwarine, E G Butler, Black Knight, Jumbo, Senex Solitarius, M Dawson, S Courtenay, H Chard, H Hampton, Great Bealings, Wiseman, and P Daly.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 1933 received from H B, A Russian Amateur in Paris, W Forster, R H Brooks, Norman Rumbelow, Cryptorype, C S Wood, S Lowndes, C W Croskey, P G Parsloe, Donald Mackay, P S Shenele, N S Harris, C Cheshire, Albert Mias, Otto Fulder (Ghent), D W Kell, A F Mosley, John D Smith, Shrapnel, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, W Cartwright, Cant. Gyp, J G Anstee, C W Milson, Schumucke, E J Winter Wood, H Reeve, Jumbo, Dr F St, S Bulen, Plevna, R L Southwell, Bosworth, A W Scrutton, G Seymour, William Miller (Cork), Shadforth, Alice A Layton, J R W (Northlands), G W Law, J A B, T H Holdron, R T Kemp, A Wigmore, W W Nicholson, Carslake W Wood, Smatch, E J Jeannapulo, W Fewse, Harry Springtherp, E Casella (Paris), Ben Nevis, W Hillier, L Falcon (Antwerp), R Ingessoll, L Wyman, G K Awdry, G S Oldfield, and A M Ellner.

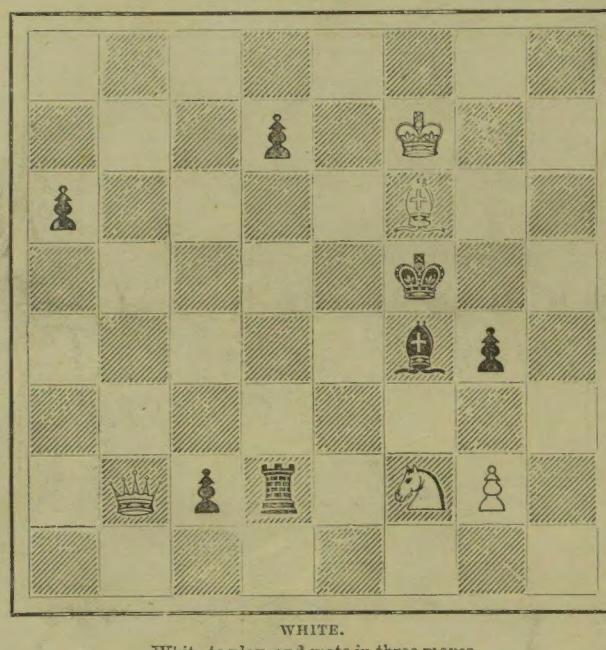
NOTE.—Correspondents will please note that this problem cannot be solved by way of 1. K to K 7th or 1. K to K 3rd. Black has a good reply to either of these moves in 1. P to K 7th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 1892.

WHITE. 1. Q to B 8th. BLACK. Any move

PROBLEM NO. 1995.
By Dr. S. GOLD (Vienna).

BLACK.



Played at the Clifton Chess Club between Mr. N. FEEDEN and the Rev. G. R. MONCRIEFF.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. M.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. P to K B 4th P takes P

3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th

4. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th

5. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q 4th

6. P takes P Q takes P

7. Q to K 2nd (ch) B to K 2nd

8. Kt to Q B 3rd Q to K B 4th

9. P to Q 4th P to K R 3rd

10. Kt to K 4th B to Q 2nd

11. P to K 5th P to K 4th

12. Kt to Kt 5th Kt to Kt 5th

13. Kt takes P (ch) Kt to Q 5th

14. Kt takes R Kt to B 3rd

15. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt

16. Castles R to K sq

17. Q to B 4th Q to B 5th (ch)

18. Kt to Kt sq Kt to B 3rd

19. P to Q 5th Q takes Q

20. B takes Q Kt to K 4th

21. P to Q Kt 3rd

It would have been better to have retreated the Bishop to K 2nd.

22. K to B sq K to B sq

23. P to Q 6th Kt takes B

24. K R to B sq B to Q sq

25. P to B 5th P to B 4th

26. P to K 3rd R to K 4th

27. K R to K sq R takes P

28. Kt to B 7th B to Q 5th

29. R to Q 5th B takes P (ch)

30. K to B sq B takes P sq

31. K to Q 2nd R to K 5th

32. R takes B P takes R

33. Kt to K 6th K to Q 2nd

34. Kt to B 5th (ch) R takes Kt

35. R takes R K takes P

36. R to K 5th B to B 2nd

37. K to K 3rd K to Q 2nd

38. K takes P B takes P

39. R takes P B to K 8th

40. P to R 6th P to K 6th

41. R to K 6th P to K 4th

42. R to K 7th (ch) K to B 3rd

43. R takes R P P

After some more moves Black resigned.

He might have played the King to K 2nd, for Black can gain nothing by check-

ing with the Bishop.

30. R to B 3rd

31. K to Q 2nd R to K 5th

32. R takes B P takes R

33. Kt to K 6th K to Q 2nd

34. Kt to B 5th (ch) R takes Kt

35. R takes R K takes P

36. R to K 5th B to B 2nd

37. K to K 3rd K to Q 2nd

38. K takes P B takes P

39. R takes P B to K 8th

40. P to R 6th P to K 6th

41. R to K 6th P to K 4th

42. R to K 7th (ch) K to B 3rd

43. R takes R P P

After some more moves Black resigned.

For the following interesting position we are indebted to Dr Gold, of Vienna:—

White: K at K Kt 3rd, Q at Q sq, Kt at Q B 7th, B at K R 2nd; Pawns at Q R 4th, Q 6th, and K Kt 2nd. (Seven pieces.)

Black: K at K 4th, R's at K B 2nd and K Kt 3rd, Kts at Q square and K Kt 8th, B at Q 2nd; Pawns at Q Kt 3rd, Q B 5th, Q 5th, K B 3rd, and K Kt 4th. (Eleven pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

We go to press with this portion of the Paper too early in the week to give our readers a complete list of the competitors in the great tournament opened at Vienna on the 10th inst. It will be found, however, that the nations will be represented as follows:—England: Mr. Blackburne, Mr. Bird, and the German players residing in London, Herren Steinitz and Zukertort; America: Messrs. Judd, Mackenzi, Mason, and possibly Mr. Ware, of Boston; Germany: Herren L. Paulsen and Leffman; Austria: Herren Englisch, Fleissig, Hurby, Meitner, Schwartz, and Wittek; Russia: MM. Thechigorin and Winawer; Greece: Professor Focazeno. We regret to observe that France has no representative in the lists, although M. Rosenthal, the Parisian champion, is expected to visit Vienna during the progress of the tourney. As we announced in January last, this gathering of chess masters has been organised by the Vienna Chess Club in celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary